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THE  
Declaration of Independence.

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A Centennial Poem.

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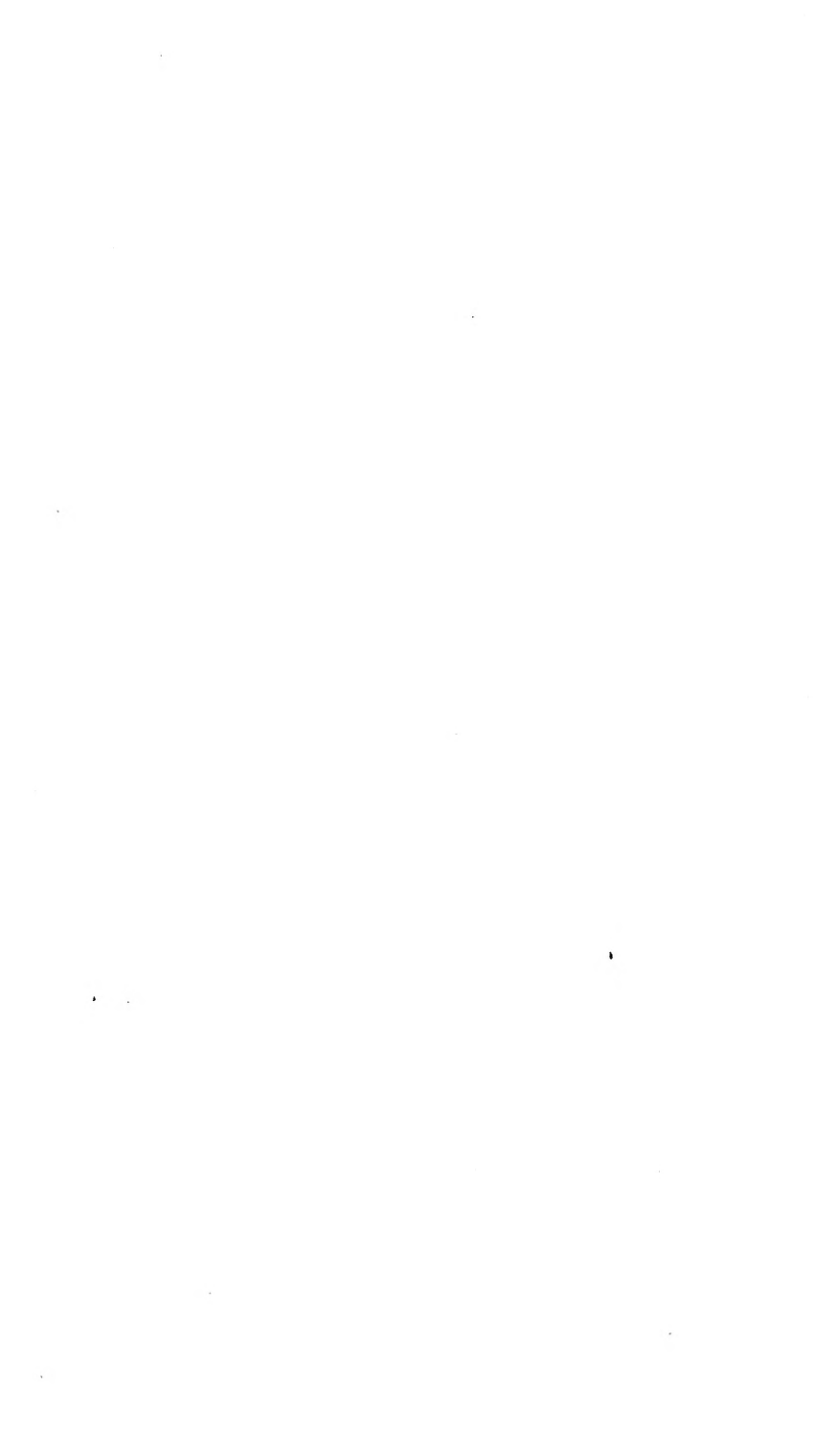
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









T H E

# Declaration of Independence:

## A POEM

COMMEMORATING THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE NATIONAL BIRTH-DAY OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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By JOSEPH H. MARTIN.

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## P R E F A C E.

THE Author offers to the public a Poem celebrating the birth of the American Republic, and the subsequent progress of the United States during the first Century of its existence.

This production may be variously characterized.

It is a portrait gallery of illustrious personages.

It is a panorama of great historical scenes and events.

It abounds with descriptive touches and allusions to natural scenery in all parts of the United States, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from Ocean to Ocean.

It is a repository of moral ideas and political principles underlying and pervading the fabric of our government, and the social organization of our people.

It is a gospel of peace, unity, and fraternity, preached in this Centennial year of our national life, and invoking the cultivation of concord, friendship, and good will between all parts and sections of our common country.

It is a prophecy of continued growth and increasing prosperity in time to come.

It is a psalm of praise to the great and good Being, to whom we are indebted for past progress, and on whom we are dependent for future advancement.

*Atlanta, Ga., June 1, 1876.*



# THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

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## BOOK I.

First Period, from 1776 to 1783.

Opening Scene, Independence Hall in Philadelphia, Fourth of July, 1776—Continental Congress—Its Leading Members, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, SAMUEL ADAMS, JOHN HANCOCK, JOHN ADAMS, Dr. WITHERSPOON, CHAS. CARROLL, THOMAS JEFFERSON—Declaration of Independence unanimously adopted—War of the Revolution—GEORGE WASHINGTON appointed Commander-in-Chief—Assumes command of the Army at Cambridge, Mass.—Forces the British to evacuate Boston—Public rejoicings—Battles of Long Island, Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, and Germantown—MONTGOMERY, DEKALB, and PULASKI—Battle of Bennington—Surrender of LORD BURGOYNE at Saratoga—Defeat of General GATES at Camden—Operations of General NATHANIEL GREENE in the South—MARION and SUMTER—Battles of Cowpens, King's Mountain, and Guilford Court House—Surrender of LORD CORNWALLIS at Yorktown—Close of the War—American Independence Acknowledged—Tribute to CORNWALLIS—Afterwards Governor-General of British India—Night attack on TIPPOO SAHIB's Fortified Camp at Seringapatam, February 8th, 1792—Death at Ghazepore, India, October 5th, 1805—England recompensed for loss of the American Colonies by the acquisition of India—Description of that country—Wonderful and romantic history from the time of ALEXANDER THE GREAT—Mahomedan rule—Splendor of the Mogul Empire—British Dominion—Tribute to VICTORIA, Queen of England and Empress of India—France our ally in the struggle for Independence—Success due to her aid—Tribute to that friendly and gallant nation.

ASSEMBLE again in the famous old Hall,  
Where statesmen were gathered at Liberty's call.  
The banner of Freedom they boldly unfurled,  
The rights of the people proclaimed to the world.  
Unawed, undismayed by Great Britain, they dared  
To throw off her yoke—INDEPENDENCE DECLARED.  
On the fourth of July, and beneath a warm sun,  
This deed of the fathers in council was done.  
Heroic, and mighty, exalted, sublime,  
Their action shines bright in the annals of time.

Look round and behold, this vast country of ours,  
 In strength and in grandeur their monument towers.  
 To day let us pause, and reviewing the past,  
 A glance at the marvelous century cast.

And foremost and first, in the front of the ground,  
 See Congress assembled, immortal, renowned.  
 A group of grave figures before us they stand,  
 The wisest, the greatest, and best of the land.  
 There's FRANKLIN the printer, philosopher, sage,  
 The glory and boast of his country and age.  
 The secrets of Nature in darkness concealed,  
 To his soaring genius were clearly revealed.  
 He watches his kite in the storm as it flies,  
 And downward the lightning he draws from the skies.  
 Exalted in wisdom, in science and art,  
 He honored the stage, for he played well his part.  
 But highest and brightest, the crown of the whole,  
 The feature most noble and grand of his soul,  
 Was earnest devotion to Freedom and Right,  
 And love of the land where he first saw the light.  
 When Liberty summoned her sons to convene,  
 In midst of the Congress great FRANKLIN was seen.  
 His name on the roll of the signers is found,  
 His head with a garland of glory is crowned.

There ADAMS of Boston is seen at his side,  
 While HANCOCK the courtly is called to preside.  
 With dignity, firmness, with ease, and with grace,  
 He filled the position, and honored the place.  
 Courageous, intrepid, and lofty of heart,  
 He acted a hero's and patriot's part.  
 He dared to subscribe, with a hand free and bold,  
 The charter of Freedom, his name he enrolled  
 The first on the list of the signers so brave,  
 A pledge of his all to his country he gave.  
 JOHN ADAMS of Quincy, well skilled in debate,  
 With spirit undaunted, heroic and great,  
 A lover of liberty ardent and strong,  
 Conspicuous stood in that wonderful throng.

An orator fervid, impassioned and grand,  
 He lifted his voice for his own native land,  
 And glowing with feeling, he boldly declaimed  
 Against her oppressor, and warmly exclaimed,  
 " My friends and my countrymen, now is the time  
 For us to perform an achievement sublime,  
 To plant on this continent Liberty's tree,  
 And found here a State independent and free.  
 Act now, I beseech you, no longer delay,  
 Declare Independence on this very day.  
 For one, I am for it, with heart and with hand,  
 The Freedom and Rights of my dear native land.  
 My life it may cost me, but perish or live,  
 My zealous support to this measure I give."

There WITHERSPOON sits with his great, lordly form,  
 His soul undisturbed in the midst of the storm.  
 While thunders resound, and the angry sky lowers,  
 He rises serene, and in majesty towers.  
 A son of old Scotia, the land whence he sprung,  
 With heart full of fire, and with elegant tongue,  
 He pleads for the cause of the patriots here,  
 And urges to action, at once, without fear.  
 Discerning the danger. a long bloody war,  
 And scenting the smell of the battle afar,  
 He bravely and boldly embarks in the strife,  
 And stakes on the issue his fortune and life.  
 New Jersey and Princeton may boast of his name,  
 The country at large is the heir of his fame.

We turn to the South, and from Maryland came  
 A band in whom liberty burned as a flame.  
 Of these I shall mention the name of but one,  
 CHARLES CARROLL, a noted and favorite son.  
 Virginia, exalted, potential and great,  
 Abounding with all that composes a State,  
 Prolific in orators, heroes, and sages,  
 The mother of men that shed lustre on ages,  
 Was there in full force, in her LEES, HARRISON,  
 And one richly gifted, her wise JEFFERSON.

Though last on my list, yet the first in my verse,  
 His deeds and his glory my muse shall rehearse.  
 Of all in that circle immortal, renowned,  
 With greatest and highest of honors he's crowned.  
 While others subscribed to the paper their name,  
 He earned as its author a title to fame,  
 And built for himself, by this document rare,  
 A monument lofty, enduring, and fair.  
 With freedom and vigor he handled the pen,  
 More potent than arms in the conflicts of men.  
 He drafted and wrote the sublime Declaration,  
 That made us free States, and a separate Nation.  
 From colonies two, Carolina by name,  
 And OGLETHORPE'S land, representatives came,  
 A MIDDLETON, RUTLEDGE, a HOOPER, and HALL,  
 Devoted to Freedom, true patriots all.

They came from the North, and the bright sunny South,  
 United as brethren in heart and in mouth.  
 They had the same thought, and they spoke the same thing,  
 Resistance to England, her senate, and king.  
 Assembled in council, they gravely debate,  
 What course to pursue in their troubled estate.  
 From words unto actions at length they proceed,  
 With firm resolution perform the great deed,  
 And boldly declare that of right they should be  
 States sovereign, supreme, independent, and free.  
 Foreseeing the peril, the odds of the strife,  
 They pledge to each other their honor and life.  
 How grand is the scene, the transaction is done,  
 The vessel is launched, and her voyage begun.  
 Thus far she has sailed on her voyage sublime,  
 Great vessel, sail on, till the grand wreck of time!

From chamber of council, and hall of debate,  
 Where wise men discuss the political state,  
 We turn to the battle field, bloody and red,  
 To carnage and slaughter, the wounded and dead.  
 We scan the horizon, and looming afar,  
 The horrid front rises of grim-visaged war.

For seven long years the stern contest must rage,  
 And freemen in conflict with England engage,  
 While hecatombs fall in the midst of the strife,  
 And lay on the altar of country their life.  
 How shifting the scene, and how thrilling the story  
 Of triumph, defeat, of disaster, and glory.  
 Our fathers, contending for freedom and right,  
 Embarked in the struggle to win in the fight.  
 They suffered, they waited, and conquered at last,  
 The signal of peace, the soft bugle's clear blast,  
 Proclaimed that the conflict had come to a close,  
 With joy to the patriots, and shame to their foes.  
 Glad pæans of triumph went up to the sky,  
 And shouts and hosannas to God the most High.  
 His arm had salvation and victory given,  
 Our freedom was gained by the favor of heaven.  
 This war, and its heroes and deeds let us sing,  
 That freed us from England's tyrannical king,  
 Established our title and rank as a State,  
 A sovereign Republic, now mighty and great.

One figure, exalted above all the rest  
 That acted and fought on this stage of the west,  
 Stands forth in his grandeur, attracting the gaze,  
 Demanding chief notice and highest of praise.  
 While others were true, patriotic, and brave,  
 And proofs of devotion to liberty gave,  
 In virtue and merit pre-eminent stood!  
 A son of Virginia, pure, lofty, and good.  
 A gift of the Lord, and the work of His hand,  
 Raised up to deliver his own native land:  
 Endowed with a spirit most noble and rare,  
 A person commanding, imposing, and fair,  
 Him Providence marked for a wonder sublime,  
 The grandest of men in the ages of time.  
 For wisdom, and valor, and virtue renowned,  
 All nations his deeds and his honors resound.  
 The world's ample circuit is filled with his name,  
 Two hemispheres publish and trumpet his fame.  
 The light of his glory is spread through the earth,

Revealing his majesty, goodness and worth.  
 All regions illumined and cheered by the sun,  
 Re-echo the praise of the great WASHINGTON.  
 By Congress appointed the chief in command,  
 The head of all forces collected on land,  
 With zeal he had hastened his task to fulfill,  
 And toiled in the service with hearty good will.  
 At Cambridge, the leading encampment or post,  
 He met with his troops, a disorderly host,  
 A raw, and untrained, and irregular band,  
 Ill-furnished, unused to the word of command.  
 But slowly and surely, by incessant drill,  
 He moulded an army with consummate skill,  
 Distinguished by order, by union, and might,  
 Intrepid, courageous, and eager to fight.  
 The British in Boston were closely confined,  
 No freedom of action beyond they could find.  
 The patriot commander prepared for a blow,  
 Resolved at all hazards to drive out the foe.  
 He planted his cannon on Dorchester height,  
 The enemy saw it, and fled at the sight.  
 New England was free, and with joyful acclaim,  
 They lauded, extolled, and exalted the name  
 Of him by whose courage and masterly art,  
 The troops of the king had been forced to depart.  
 The news swiftly spread, and diffused through all ranks  
 A thrill of delight, and unanimous thanks  
 Were voted by Congress to that gallant band,  
 Which WASHINGTON led, the defence of the land.

Then southward he moved, and fresh triumphs were gained,  
 New York and New Jersey their freedom obtained.  
 Fierce battles were fought ere the foemen retired,  
 And many a shot in the struggle was fired.  
 Long Island became on a hot summer's day,  
 The scene of a conflict, a terrible fray,  
 Where thousands with ardor contended for life,  
 And hundreds were mangled and killed in the strife.  
 The red flag of England triumphantly waved,  
 But WASHINGTON wisely retreated and saved



The bulk of his army for some future day,  
 To meet the pursuer in battle array.  
 Not long did he wait till with fury he fell  
 Upon the oppressor, and punished him well.  
 At Trenton, at Princeton, and Brandywine ford,  
 The enemy felt the keen edge of his sword,  
 While Germantown saw, by the gray light of dawn,  
 The blood freely sprinkled upon her green lawn.  
 MONTGOMERY, DEKALB, and PULASKI the Pole,  
 Inscribed each his name on the grand muster roll  
 Of heroes that fought on America's side,  
 And martyrs to Freedom, lamented, they died.

The contest was raging, uncertain the day,  
 The combatants stood in bold martial array,  
 When, lo! in the north a dread portent appears,  
 A storm cloud advances, exciting the fears  
 Of freemen and patriots throughout the whole land,  
 An army approaches, General BURGOYNE's command.  
 From Canada marching, by way of Champlain,  
 He seeks to divide the vast country in twain,  
 To fall like a thunderbolt shot from afar,  
 And end by a blow the rebellion and war.  
 In vain did that meteor blacken the sky,  
 And pour down its contents like floods from on high.  
 Its fury was spent ere the lowlands it gained,  
 The mountains and highlands its progress restrained.  
 Beneath its broad shadow, so dense and so dark,  
 Uprose, as by magic, the brave Colonel STARK.  
 With courage and daring he fell on the foe,  
 And struck him a stunning and staggering blow.  
 BURGOYNE and his host, as if doomed by the fates,  
 Were beaten, surrounded, and captured by GATES,  
 Who seemed at this time, by the laurels he won,  
 The rival and peer of his chief, WASHINGTON.  
 Alas, those green laurels were destined to fade,  
 His fame and his honors were covered with shade,  
 When CAMDEN's most shameful and sorrowful story,  
 Eclipsed with its gloom the bright sun of his glory.

The curtain is lifted, behold a new scene,  
 Afar in the South see the banner of GREENE,  
 Now waving in triumph, advancing, victorious,  
 Then furled for retreating, but never inglorious.  
 The star of CORNWALLIS resplendently beamed,  
 O'er spreading the land with his forces, he seemed  
 To be on the eve of a conquest complete,  
 With all the vast region prostrate at his feet.  
 Delusive and vain, like a dream of the night,  
 That phantom of conquest soon vanished from sight.  
 From mountain and valley, from hill and from plain,  
 The clans of the patriots rallied again,  
 And fell with surprise and with wrath on the foe,  
 And caused him to feel the full strength of their blow.  
 While SUMTER and MARION emerged from the swamp,  
 And often assailed him in march or in camp,  
 At Cowpens the courage of MORGAN shone bright,  
 The British were vanquished on King's Mountain height.  
 At Guilford, like lion too closely pursued,  
 GREENE turned on the foe, and a conflict ensued,  
 That crippled him badly, and checked his career,  
 And plainly foretold his surrender was near.  
 Too soon for his comfort and glory it came,  
 Too soon for his sovereign, his country and fame.  
 At Yorktown, encompassed by sea and by land,  
 CORNWALLIS, with all that composed his command,  
 Was baffled and stopped in his onward advance,  
 By arms of the States and the navy of France.  
 O galling defeat, and most shameful event,  
 The heart of the captive with anguish is rent !  
 The day of disaster and mourning has come,  
 The cause of his master is shrouded in gloom,  
 The standard of England is lowered in shame,  
 And WASHINGTON's shadow eclipses his name.  
 Constrained by the turn of his fortunes to yield,  
 He gives up his sword and abandons the field.  
 The warfare is over, the labor is done,  
 The battle is fought, and the victory won.  
 The struggle for Freedom is brought to a close,  
 The patriots triumph and wrest from their foes

The object demanded by their Declaration,  
The right to exist as a separate Nation.

I pause in my story, a tribute to pay  
To this gallant foeman, renowned in his day,  
Though Fate, unpropitious, beclouded his fame,  
No stains of dishonor e'er tarnished his name.  
Magnanimous, lofty, chivalric, and bold,  
CORNWALLIS was cast in a heroic mould.  
Enlightened, accomplished, polite and urbane,  
Distinguished by honors, yet modest, humane,  
Determined and fearless, intrepid and brave,  
Commanding in presence, with countenance grave,  
In midst of his comrades he eminent stood,  
A nobleman, knightly, and worthy, and good.  
Though checked in his progress, his martial career,  
His march unto victory ended not here.  
Transferred to a distant theatre of war,  
His glory shone forth like a new risen star,  
Or sun that had set in the west to arise  
With splendor again in the orient skies.  
No longer in conflict with men of his blood,  
The ruler of nations by Ganges' deep flood,  
With dusky-hued tribes he is called to contend,  
The arms and the reign of his king to extend.  
How grandly his figure appeared in the fight,  
The battle that raged in the dead of the night,  
When startled and roused by the cannon's loud roar,  
Tippoo, in the lofty, strong fort of Mysore,  
Like eagle that nestled upon a high rock,  
Defended his camp and resisted the shock.  
In vain did he rally his troops to withstand  
The terrible charge of this chief and his band.  
The valor of England, amid fire and blood,  
Rushed on in its might, like a tempest or flood,  
O'er rampart and fortress, o'er garden and lawn,  
Nor ceased from the struggle until the gray dawn.  
The havoc and slaughter in darkness concealed,  
By the light of the morning were clearly revealed.  
The enemy's lines, and the city's fair form,

Were shattered, dismantled, and rent by the storm.  
 The bugle was sounded, a respite ensued,  
 The monarch defeated, disheartened, subdued,  
 No longer the arms of the victor opposed,  
 He yielded, accepting conditions proposed.

At length the long race of this chieftain was run,  
 His labors were finished, his life work was done.  
 Three parts of the globe in succession became  
 The stage of his action, the scene of his fame.  
 On Asia's broad plains, in the wide western world,  
 The flag of his sovereign he bravely unfurled,  
 He planted his standard, his colors held fast,  
 Devoted, and loyal, and true to the last.  
 Afar from old England, the place of his birth,  
 Remote and alone, in the ends of the earth,  
 Entombed in a country most ancient and hoary,  
 CORNWALLIS reposes in honor and glory.

O! England deplore not the losses sustained,  
 In place of this treasure a prize was obtained.  
 A jewel of splendor was struck from thy crown,  
 The sun of thy glory in darkness went down,  
 And set in the west, in this new hemisphere,  
 Thy sceptre departed, thy rule ended here.  
 Thus Providence willed, and decreed thee this fate,  
 But gave thee another, a mighty estate,  
 An orient region, extended and grand,  
 An opulent, fertile, magnificent land,  
 A country of mountains, and rivers, and plains,  
 At times parched with drought, and then flooded with rains.  
 Whose highlands are fanned by the cool, balmy breeze,  
 Whose lowlands are compassed with tropical seas,  
 Abounding with treasures and jewels most rare,  
 With cities, and temples, and palaces fair,  
 A land celebrated in song and in story,  
 O'erspread with an air of romance and of glory.  
 ALEXANDER the Great with his Greeks hither came,  
 And carried the dread of his arms and his name.  
 The Indus he crossed, and vast nations subdued,

The phantom of glory with ardor pursued.  
 Returning, he marched to the mouth of this stream,  
 Where ended his vain and magnificent dream.  
 The earth he had conquered in all its extent,  
 His heart with deep grief and emotion was rent.  
 He mourned that his progress was brought to a close,  
 He longed for more triumphs, to vanquish fresh foes,  
 And wept that new worlds did not open a sphere  
 For him to press on, and extend his career.  
 A thousand years pass, and the Saracen sword,  
 In hands of a zealous, fanatical horde,  
 With merciless fury, mid torrents of blood,  
 Advances in triumph, and crosses this flood.  
 Five centuries roll, and o'er India's rich plains  
 Great BABER the Mogul, as Emperor reigns.  
 At Delhi the famous he fixes his throne,  
 And numberless nations his sovereignty own.  
 Beneath his wise sway, and the kings of his line,  
 How brightly the glories of Hindooland shine.  
 By AKBAR the Great what achievements are done,  
 By mighty AURUNGZEBE what triumphs are won.  
 How far did the bounds of this empire extend,  
 Before it dissolved, and was brought to an end.  
 What riches and splendor, what jewels and gold,  
 The throne of the monarch adorn and enfold.  
 What grandeur, and lustre, and gorgeous array  
 The princes, the nobles, the nabobs display.  
 Like fabulous tales seem the wonderful sights,  
 The scenes of the east, the gay festive delights,  
 That mark the bright era of Indian story,  
 And circle the land with a halo of glory.  
 In midst of the pageant, so splendid and bright,  
 A fairy form passes, NOURMAHAL the Light  
 And joy of the Harem, JEHAN's lovely bride,  
 His favorite queen, his sweet solace and pride.  
 Beneath a fair monument, stately and grand,  
 A structure unequalled in all that vast land,  
 The rival and peer of St. Peter's proud dome,  
 The ornament, boast, and the glory of Rome,  
 The Taj or the tomb of MAHAL, as 'tis named,

For richness, and splendor, and beauty far famed,  
 In death undivided, JEHAN and his bride,  
 The Light of the Harem, now rest side by side.

New actors appear in the drama so grand,  
 New scenes are performed in this wonderful land.  
 The genius of England, high soaring and free,  
 Flies over the earth and the wide spreading sea,  
 And like a great eagle that came from the west,  
 Alights on this country, and there builds a nest.  
 How strange, how romantic, and thrilling the story,  
 Of martial achievements, successes, and glory,  
 The conflicts, the battles, and deeds that were done,  
 The triumphs, the conquests, the victories won,  
 The blood that was shed, the vast labor and toil,  
 Expended by Britain in winning this soil.  
 To-day, as the paramount sovereign, she reigns,  
 O'er India's proud princes, its cities and plains.  
 From Himala's heights to the Bay of Bengal  
 Her flag is acknowledged and honored by all.  
 Where Ganges in grandeur his mighty flood rolls,  
 A dense population of numberless souls  
 Are ruled by her sceptre, submit to her sway,  
 Her statutes and laws, and her mandates obey.  
 Like the Koo-i-noor diamond, the mountain of light,  
 A jewel most splendid, and precious, and bright,  
 The index of riches, of pearls, and of gold,  
 The treasures which orient regions unfold,  
 Once owned by a native, but now a fair gem  
 That sparkles and shines in thy Queen's diadem,  
 So all that vast land, by the favor of heaven,  
 A dower, O! England, to thee has been given.  
 We cherish no hatred of thee and thy throne,  
 Now filled by a sovereign whose virtues we own.  
 Our fathers, embittered, by warfare and strife,  
 Were foes to King GEORGE all the days of his life,  
 For him they regarded as author and source  
 Of all the designs and attempts to enforce  
 On them and their country oppression's strong chains,  
 The spring and the cause of their sorrows and pains.

But time, with its soothing effects, has assuaged  
 The tempest of passion, the storm that once raged,  
 While she who now reigns, by her personal merit,  
 Her graces, her kindness, and excellent spirit,  
 Has won the esteem, the sincere admiration  
 Of all that compose the American nation.  
 VICTORIA! VICTORIA! how honored her name,  
 Extended and wide as the world is her fame.  
 Exalted in station, with majesty crowned,  
 For piety, justice, and virtue renowned,  
 Excelling in purity, goodness, and worth,  
 All potentates, rulers, and kings of the earth.  
 The highest of sovereigns, a woman is seen,  
 Britannia's loved monarch, her empress and queen.

America triumphed, but not without aid—  
 The kingdom of France on her side was arrayed,  
 Became her ally, her supporter, and friend,  
 And stood firm and faithful, and true to the end.  
 Her young LAFAYETTE, as a warm devotee  
 To Liberty, ventured to cross the wide sea,  
 And landing on shores of this New Hemisphere,  
 He put on his armour and drew his sword here.  
 By WASHINGTON honored with rank and command,  
 He proved a defender and friend of this land,  
 A soldier and patriot worthy the name,  
 And won for himself high distinction and fame.  
 He fought, independence and freedom to gain,  
 He poured out his blood to besprinkle and stain  
 The soil of the country whose cause he espoused;  
 His example bold spirits in Europe aroused,  
 And many came hither to join in the fight,  
 And battled for Liberty, Justice, and Right.  
 At length a whole nation, chivalric and brave,  
 In friendship and love to America gave  
 Assistance and succor on land and on sea,  
 That she might come forth independent and free.  
 The fleets and the armies of gay, gallant France,  
 Renowned as the land of love, song, and romance,  
 Were sent to this nation, then feeble and young,

A race of another religion and tongue,  
To help in the war which they boldly maintained,  
And by that assistance our freedom was gained.  
All honor and thanks to our ancient ally,  
The friend of our country when danger was nigh,  
That sent LAFAYETTE, and the Count ROCHAMBEAU,  
And many brave spirits in days long ago,  
To stand with our fathers, to fight by their side,  
Conjointly they struggled the strife to decide.  
United they stood on the field of Yorktown,  
And saw a proud triumph the twin banners crown.  
The Stars and the Stripes, a new emblem designed,  
Were seen with the lilies of France intertwined,  
And there the two armies appeared but as one,  
Commanded and marshalled by great WASHINGTON.  
O never, while time and while memory last,  
Let sons of both nations forget the bright past,  
The deeds by the French and Americans done,  
The triumphs and glories in common they won.





## BOOK II.

Second Period, from close of the War, in 1783, to the end of Adams Administration, March 4th, 1801.

Subject continued—America's greatness predicted by BERKELEY and others—America the Atlantis of Ancient fable—Poverty of the People after the War of Independence—Convention to form the Constitution of the United States—Assembled in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, 1787—WASHINGTON chosen to preside—Its prominent members, particularly HAMILTON and MADISON—Fundamental principle of the Constitution, the Sovereignty of the People—Form of Government adopted, not monarchy, despotism, aristocracy, nor pure democracy, but republicanism—Popular intelligence, virtue, morality, and religion, indispensable to national stability and prosperity—History records the downfall of numerous states and empires by vice, corruption, and wickedness—Principal features of the Constitution, National Unity and Sovereignty, Liberty, Justice, and Representation—*E Pluribus Unum*, one State formed of many—THE UNITED STATES—Supreme sovereignty lodged in the General Government—The States subordinate, but free Commonwealths, having just, constitutional rights and powers—Harmony between the States and Federal Union—Illustrated by banyan tree, sun and planets, wheels within a wheel, the human body—The Constitution successful in practice—WASHINGTON elected first President of the United States—Serves two terms—Farewell Address—Retires to Mount Vernon—His death, and universal sorrow produced by that event—Tribute to Mrs. MARTHA WASHINGTON—Follows her husband to the grave—Their Tomb—Mount Vernon a sacred spot—WASHINGTON the Father of his country—Peerless, spotless, unrivalled in greatness and glory—JOHN ADAMS, second President of the United States—His character, talents and patriotism—Warm advocate of the rights and liberties of America—Conspicuous in the Continental Congress—Moves the appointment of WASHINGTON to supreme command—The Colossus of that body—Supports the Declaration of Independence, and urges its passage—Exuberant joy and remarkable prophecy after its adoption—His death on the 4th of July, 1826—Debt of gratitude and honor due to his memory—His greatness and eminence in American history.

PURSUE, O, my Muse, the high subject of song,  
With fervor and freedom the story prolong.  
Depict, with the ardor of fresh inspiration,  
The progress and grandeur of this infant nation,  
And sing of thy country, her deeds and her fame,  
Her triumphs applaud and her honors proclaim.  
Tell how she came forth from the fiery strife,  
And sprung, like MINERVA, full armed into life.  
The warfare is ended; we open, unroll,  
And read a new chapter in History's scroll.

Her volume discloses a fresh written page,  
 The record of actions performed on this stage,  
 A noble theatre of boundless extent,  
 A scene without limit, a vast continent,  
 Where actors and deeds, and events strange and new,  
 Surprising and grand, are unfolded to view.  
 America, daughter and offspring of time,  
 Comes forward, a figure majestic, sublime,  
 The product of ages, the child of the past,  
 An empire the greatest, the noblest, and last.  
 Thus BERKELEY declared, when with vision most clear,  
 He painted the glories of this hemisphere;  
 Foretelling, in language prophetic and grand,  
 The future resplendent of this mighty land;  
 Affirming that westward, with movable ray,  
 The star of dominion pursued its bright way.  
 Four acts of the drama already were past,  
 The fifth and the noblest its shadow forecast.  
 Thus poets of England before him had sung,  
 The spread of their nation, its learning and tongue,  
 Predicting that in the vast region that lay  
 Beyond the Atlantic, their race should bear sway,  
 And found in the west a new kingdom or state,  
 Excelling in glory, surpassingly great.  
 The poets and bards of the prophets of old,  
 In fable and song the same story had told,  
 Declaring that in the far west might be found  
 An isle which the waves of the ocean surround,  
 Distinguished by all that is lovely and grand,  
 The name of Atlantis they gave to this land.  
 Long ages elapsed ere the vision proved true,  
 For none ever ventured to cross the deep blue,  
 Until a bold seaman COLUMBUS the wise,  
 Discovered new countries, new races and skies.  
 Afar in the west a great island he found,  
 A land which the waters of ocean surround.  
 In midst of its billows America stands;  
 The waves on the east and the west wash her strands.  
 No longer a fable, Atlantis is here,  
 The dream is fulfilled in this new hemisphere.

Emerging from war and its rude devastation,  
 Surrounded with want and with wide desolation,  
 Our fathers returned to pursuits of the soil,  
 And labored with courage, with patience and toil  
 Their fortunes to build, their condition to mend,  
 Resolved on themselves and kind heaven to depend.  
 Of money, and goods, and possessions bereft,  
 To them their dear country and freedom were left;  
 And cheerful and buoyant, and hopeful, they dared  
 To grapple with ills in their faces that stared.  
 Enlightened, reflective, with common consent,  
 The people the second time delegates sent  
 To sit in convention, and gravely debate  
 High questions of policy touching their state.  
 This body assembled in that ancient Hall,  
 Where congressmen gathered at Liberty's call.  
 They met not their freedom and rights to declare,  
 They came a new charter or law to prepare,  
 To settle the system of administration  
 For this independent, republican nation.  
 To them a high honor and task were assigned;  
 A new Constitution they wisely designed,  
 Adapted and fitted to bind in one State,  
 And form a free commonwealth simple and great,  
 The many republics that sovereignty claimed,  
 And each by its title distinguished and named.  
 These minor republics at first were thirteen,  
 Though thrice that original sum are now seen.  
 Together they fought, and the victory won,  
 As brethren and friends their achievements were done,  
 And when from Great Britain their freedom they gained,  
 And rank as a separate nation obtained,  
 They each in the treaty of peace were set down,  
 As States independent, absolved from the crown.  
 These States all along the Atlantic coast lay;  
 The first, Massachusetts, called after the Bay,  
 Then followed New Hampshire, with lofty peaks crowned  
 Connecticut bordering on Long Island Sound.  
 Rhode Island appears her two sisters between,  
 New York and New Jersey more southward are seen.

Pennsylvania comes next, most extensive and great,  
 The grand central arch of the United State.  
 Then Delaware, Maryland lengthen the train,  
 Virginia succeeds as a link in the chain.  
 Extending far southward, and stretching away,  
 The two Carolinas and Georgia bear sway.  
 The long line is ended, the list is complete,  
 These States by their delegates each had a seat  
 In one great Assembly, that met to devise,  
 And form a new Union, more perfect and wise,  
 Than that which their brethren before them had framed,  
 The treaty of Confederation, first named.  
 Had I but the art with due honor to mention,  
 And paint in bright colors this famous Convention,  
 Composed of great heroes, and statesmen, and sages,,  
 Distinguished, renowned in the midst of the ages,  
 My pen with delight should the council portray,  
 And hold up to view that fine, splendid array  
 Of genius and talent, of wisdom and worth,  
 A Senate exceeded by none upon earth.  
 The first on the roll of its members is found  
 The man with the garland of victory crowned,  
 The leader of armies, Virginia's great son,  
 The mighty, heroic, and famed WASHINGTON.  
 Exalted in virtue, prudential and wise,  
 To him the Convention directed their eyes,  
 And by a unanimous choice they decide,  
 That over their body this chief shall preside.  
 This office he filled with a dignified grace,  
 Becoming the man, the assembly, the place.  
 He watched its proceedings with heart deeply moved,  
 Its labors when finished, by him were approved;  
 And to its great work, so important and grave,  
 The stamp and the seal of his judgment he gave.  
 This grand Constitution bore the impress of one,  
 Whom all have pronounced to be second to none,  
 While we in this western and new hemisphere,  
 With fond admiration his virtues revere,  
 And deem him superior in wisdom and worth  
 To all that have gained high distinction on earth.

Among mighty heroes, we hold him the chief,  
 Enshrined in our hearts, in our love and belief.  
 The foremost in peace, and the foremost in war,  
 He shines like a bright and particular star,  
 Or rather, with splendor and light of the sun,  
 Illustrious mortal, our loved WASHINGTON.

While WASHINGTON towered without a compeer,  
 Or shown mid<sup>d</sup> his comrades a great central sphere  
 Like sun in the midst of the planets on high,  
 Yet others were there, brilliant stars in the sky.  
 This Senate resembled a galaxy bright,  
 A grand constellation that glitters by night.  
 Its members, distinguished by wisdom and worth,  
 Reflected its glory throughout the whole earth,  
 And raised by their labors a beacon sublime,  
 To light hosts of freemen in all future time.  
 There FRANKLIN, with flowing locks silvered and hoary,  
 And laden with increase of years and of glory,  
 Enriched with philosophy, science and truth,  
 The treasures collected in manhood and youth,  
 The stores of experience, the wisdom of age,  
 Again reappeared, a political sage,  
 To sit in this council, affairs to debate,  
 And measures devise for the good of the State.  
 Around him was gathered a circle or band  
 Of statesmen that came from all parts of the land;  
 A body of jurists and counsellors rare,  
 With which few assemblies of earth can compare.  
 Of these, most conspicuous and lofty, I sing,  
 A LANGDON, a SHERMAN, an ELLSWORTH and KING,  
 A LIVINGSTON, CLYMER, and MORRIS two,  
 A DICKINSON, CARROLL, a MARTIN and FEW,  
 A RANDOLPH, a MASON, a WYTHE and a BLAIR,  
 A RUTLEDGE, the PINCKNEYS, like twin brothers fair,  
 A WILLIAMSON, BLOUNT, a BALDWIN and PIERCE,  
 Their names and their honors I chant in my verse.  
 Two members unnoticed, reserved for the last,  
 All others in genius and wisdom surpassed.  
 They shine with a lustre resplendent and bright,

Political stars, and deep fountains of light.  
 With minds comprehensive, well-balanced and great,  
 They wrought to erect this grand fabric of state,  
 And labored with ardor, with patience, and skill,  
 The structure to finish, the task to fulfil.  
 United together in hand and in heart,  
 They each in this work bore a principal part,  
 And left on the building his impress and fame,  
 As sculptors on monuments each carve their name.  
 The one from New York, the renowned HAMILTON,  
 His compeer and brother, the great MADISON.  
 They all were assembled with common intent,  
 And on the same purpose exalted were bent.

As architects, masons, and builders they came,  
 To plan, to devise, to establish, and frame  
 A temple of liberty, massive and grand,  
 A government fitted for this mighty land,  
 Adapted to foster and augment the State,  
 And render the people strong, prosperous, great.  
 Discarding the plan of a king and a throne,  
 A monarch whose sceptre his subjects shall own,  
 A despot with splendor and royalty crowned,  
 A sovereign whom princes and nobles surround.  
 As well as democracy simple and pure,  
 In order their freedom and rights to secure,  
 To banish internal dissension and strife,  
 And gain all the ends of political life.  
 They chose for their system of administration,  
 The form of republican representation.  
 They laid broad and deep, as a granite foundation,  
 On which to establish and build a great nation,  
 The right of the people, as sovereign and free,  
 To choose and decide who their rulers shall be.  
 To them appertains, by the ballot or voice,  
 To give full expression to their inward choice,  
 To hold an election untrammelled and fair,  
 And by a majority vote to declare,  
 Of those that solicit the popular will,  
 What persons each station and office shall fill.

The people they viewed as the fountain of power,  
 The root of the tree, with its fruit and its flower,  
 Of liberty, equity, justice, and right,  
 Beneath whose broad shadow we sit with delight,  
 They trusted to them their own laws to ordain,  
 Their honor and freedom and rights to maintain,  
 To govern themselves in an orderly way,  
 Their rulers, when chosen, to fear and obey.  
 How dear to each heart, in this wide hemisphere,  
 The truth and the principle brought to view here.  
 Oh! who that has tasted enjoyment so great,  
 To share in directing the course of the state,  
 By vote to decide what political school  
 Shall over the nation with sovereignty rule,  
 Would part with this right without struggle and strife,  
 Or fail, if need be, to defend it with life?  
 But lest this foundation should prove insecure,  
 To make it a basis immoveable sure,  
 They held that the people themselves should possess  
 Intelligence, virtue, true worth, righteousness,  
 The principles deeply inwrought in the soul,  
 That serve to direct, to restrain, and control  
 Their tempers and passions, their speeches and deeds,  
 The fountain within from which action proceeds.  
 They formed an ideal of what men should be  
 To stand as a nation exalted and free.  
 Not lawless, licentious, ungodly, and vile,  
 A people whom vices debase and defile.  
 Devoted to wickedness, pleasure and sin,  
 Immoral without, and polluted within,  
 The slaves of iniquity, children of crime,  
 Like giants that lived in the dim, olden time,  
 And by the abuse of the benefits given,  
 Incurred the dread wrath and displeasure of heaven,  
 And brought on themselves swift destruction and sure,  
 No nation thus wicked can stand and endure.  
 Their building shall totter and fall to the ground,  
 Their names with dishonor and shame shall be crown'd,  
 Thus Egypt, Assyria, and Babylon great,  
 And many a monarchy, kingdom and state,

That flourished in grandeur, in glory and might,  
 Has faded, and perished, and vanished from sight,  
 They fell from their splendor and proud, lofty station,  
 And sunk in the depths of a low degradation,  
 Weighed down with corruption, with vice, and with crime,  
 Political wrecks on the ocean of time.  
 Our fathers contended that nations to be  
 Exalted, secure, independent, and free,  
 Must rest on a basis of knowledge and light,  
 Of virtue, morality, justice and right,  
 Religion and piety, reverence and awe  
 Of God, and His word, His commandments and law.  
 The precepts derived from His revelation,  
 Must permeate, mould, and govern the nation.  
 The grand fundamental support of the state,  
 That makes any people high, mighty, and great,  
 United, and prosperous, flourishing, strong,  
 And tends their existence and peace to prolong,  
 Is fear of the Lord, and departure from sin,  
 Devotion to purity, goodness within,  
 The practice of duty, of virtue, and right,  
 A conduct directed by Wisdom's clear light.  
 Our fathers the truth of this principle saw,  
 In shaping and framing the organic law,  
 The system of regular administration  
 For this newly founded and fast growing nation,  
 Whate'er they expressed, or in words did enact,  
 Beyond all dispute they acknowledged the fact,  
 That this is a country, a nation, a land,  
 Protected and ruled by the Almighty hand,  
 And bound by the precepts, the statutes, and laws  
 Of Him who is Nature's original cause.  
 O! be it our glory, distinction, and joy,  
 For which we our tongues in thanksgiving employ,  
 That this is a government swayed by His rod,  
 A people that owe their allegiance to God.  
 Defended and guarded by His mighty arm,  
 In safety we'll dwell, and shielded from harm,  
 We'll prosper and flourish, a free, happy nation,  
 Increasing in grandeur with each generation,



Advancing, pursuing a progress sublime,  
For ages on ages through all future time.

Enstamped as bright features on this Constitution,  
The glories that shine in this fair institution,  
The columns and pillars most noble and grand,  
Supporting the structure designed for this land,  
The temple or edifice lofty and great,  
Erected and fashioned for uses of state,  
Are Liberty, Justice, and Representation,  
The unity, sovereignty, strength of one nation,  
A mighty republic of many States framed,  
By title expressive distinguished and named,  
*E Pluribus Unum*, or one common power,  
Majestic and vast, that in grandeur should tower,  
At home and abroad, on the land and the sea,  
The UNITED STATES, independent and free.  
Beneath the great shadow of this lofty tree,  
Each state is a commonwealth, potent and free,  
Like India's fair banyan, for largeness renowned,  
With wide spreading branches that drop to the ground.  
As offshoots and stems from the old parent stock,  
New trunks that are formed, with its limbs interlock,  
And all so related, the old and the new,  
As many, yet one, they appear to the view ;  
So in the grand system, complex and refined,  
The fathers with singular wisdom designed,  
The Union and States intertwine, interlace,  
And outwardly, seemingly show but one face,  
But narrowly scanned, many forms they display,  
A family group in fraternal array.  
Supreme, unobstructed within its true sphere,  
Each state has the right to pursue its career,  
As planets in orbits revolve round the sun,  
Their races in order and harmony run.  
As when a great circle, prodigious and vast,  
A wheel of enormous dimensions is cast,  
Within its periphery ample and round,  
A number of wheels less extensive are found,  
A wheel within wheel, or the many in one,

The office of each being properly done,  
 And when the machinery commences its motion,  
 They all move at once, without jar or commotion,  
 So in the great system of administration,  
 The working of States and of one common nation,  
 The former within a vast circle are found,  
 The latter is seen to encompass them round,  
 But all in their orbits concurrently roll,  
 Obedient to law and the people's control.  
 Or as in the body all members agree,  
 And by their joint action efficient and free,  
 United, co-working, with one common aim,  
 They form a most beautiful, consummate frame,  
 So in the political circle or sphere,  
 The members though many, one body appear,  
 The parts giving vigor and strength to the whole,  
 Which lives, animated by one mind or soul.  
 The body is one, a complete, perfect frame,  
 The members united in purpose and aim,  
 Co-working and striving for one common end,  
 They labor their mutual good to extend.  
 A free circulation of blood from the heart  
 Gives vigor, and soundness, and life to each part.  
 Each part in return, when in health and in peace,  
 Contributes the general health to increase.  
 The Union its blessings confers on each State,  
 And each by its growth makes the Union more great.  
 As members and equals in one brotherhood,  
 The States are co-workers for each other's good.  
 As partners in common, they flourish or fall,  
 The fortune of one is the fortune of all.

Adopted, confirmed by the will of the nation,  
 The system or framework of organization,  
 Like great, massive engine, constructed with skill,  
 Is put to the test, its design to fulfil.  
 All parts freely act, without friction or strife,  
 The mighty machine, as if instinct with life,  
 Successfully works, with precision and grace,  
 With force of a giant commences its race.

The huge locomotive in majesty moves,  
 The new Constitution its excellence proves,  
 Rolls onward in grandeur, in beauty, and power,  
 With strength undiminished to this present hour.  
 The train which it drew in its early career,  
 Grew larger and longer with each passing year.  
 By State after State fresh additions were made,  
 Till now to the wondering view is displayed,  
 A mammoth procession of cars in a line,  
 A spectacle glorious, magnificent, fine,  
 A column of States in most splendid array,  
 Political coaches that move on their way,  
 Full freighted with people, their freedom and rights,  
 Their treasures, possessions, their hopes, and delights,  
 Pursuing the track which the fathers laid out,  
 The grand central road, the great national route,  
 A train most extensive, majestic, sublime,  
 Its grandeur and glory increasing with time.

The first act performed by the national will,  
 Determined what persons each office should fill.  
 For highest position, with one common voice,  
 The people express a unanimous choice,  
 Elect as chief ruler a favorite son,  
 The noble, the wise, the revered WASHINGTON.  
 New duties and trials this hero surround,  
 His brow with fresh laurels of honor is crowned.  
 Already inscribed on the tablet of fame,  
 A halo of splendor encircles his name.  
 Emblazoned before upon many a scroll,  
 It heads a new column, a long list or roll  
 Of figures distinguished by merit and station,  
 First President of the American Nation.  
 What dignity, glory, distinction, renown,  
 The office received, when this chieftain sat down.  
 And filled, not a throne, but executive chair,  
 By suffrage and will of the people placed there.  
 Two periods or terms in succession he sate,  
 In this high position, the head of the State,

And then at the end of this service declined  
 Another election, the office resigned.  
 Magnanimous hero ! illustrious sage !  
 The jewel and crown of his country and age,  
 The measure of fame and of honor to him  
 The vessel of glory was filled to the brim.  
 To peaceful retreats, a calm, quiet life,  
 Domestic tranquility, freedom from strife,  
 The shades of Mount Vernon, a spacious domain,  
 The rest of his days in this home to remain,  
 He, bidding adieu to his fellows, retired,  
 A private repose which he long had desired.  
 But ere his departure from office he took,  
 He penned, as a sacred, political book,  
 A message of counsel, impressive and grand,  
 For all that inhabit the American land.  
 Their duties and dangers he clearly displayed,  
 A farewell address to his countrymen made.  
 The spirit, the scope, the design and the aim  
 Of this great address, consecrated to fame,  
 Consisted in urging the people to stand  
 As brethren united in heart and in hand.  
 He warned them of discord and strife to beware,  
 Besought them with patience to bear and forbear,  
 By mutual concessions to banish afar  
 Contention, division, and sectional war.  
 He pictured the evils and woes to the nation  
 Of jealousy, hatred, and fierce alienation,  
 And painted in colors most lively and gay,  
 The scenes and the glories before them that lay,  
 If steadfast, devoted, unyielding they stood  
 The friends of the Union, the fountain of good,  
 The ark of their safety, their freedom and power,  
 The shield and palladium of Liberty's tower,  
 Their guardian, defender, their crown, and their joy,  
 As statue renowned gave protection to Troy.  
 In vain should they labor to prosper, increase,  
 To reap and enjoy the rich blessings of peace,  
 To pluck the ripe fruit from fair Liberty's tree,  
 And flourish in strength, independent and free,

Unless this great bulwark and fortress should stand,  
 To bind them together as one common land.  
 Like SAMSON the mighty deprived of his locks,  
 Divided and weakened by war's fearful shocks,  
 Their strength and their glory, their life should depart,  
 Attacked in a region most vital, the heart.  
 "Reflect, O my people, your all is at stake,  
 The Union preserve, and perpetual make."  
 The sage and the hero soon closed his career,  
 No longer a dweller in this lower sphere,  
 The spirit of WASHINGTON mounted on high,  
 And soared to a mansion of bliss in the sky.  
 His country, all nations, the world were in tears,  
 Humanity mourned, in the midst of the years,  
 A friend of the race had gone down to the tomb,  
 The earth by his death was enshrouded in gloom.

But ere I dismiss from the thread of my story  
 This man so exalted and covered with glory,  
 'Tis meet that due praise should be rendered to her,  
 Who shared in the fame of his honored career.

When ADAM was formed of the dust of the ground,  
 For him no companion and helpmeet was found.  
 In Eden's fresh bowers he was lonely and drear,  
 No woman was present his bosom to cheer.  
 The LORD, ever good and all-wise in His plan,  
 Created an EVE from the rib of the man,  
 To be his companion, his solace and friend,  
 To lean on his arm, on his strength to depend.  
 The two were made one, and from that day to this,  
 In conjugal union and love there is bliss,  
 The deepest, the purest, the holiest joy,  
 A pleasure exquisite and free from alloy.  
 Each man in his dwelling, his station, or lot,  
 A prince or a peasant, in palace or cot,  
 Has need to be mated, and longs to unite  
 With one who will be his chief joy and delight.  
 The monarch that rules in his grandeur and pride,  
 Must have a fair woman, a queen at his side,

A partner to share in his honors and throne,  
 He is happier far than if reigning alone.  
 Thus WASHINGTON felt in his manhood, and sighed  
 For woman's affection, and sought for a bride.  
 He found a fair lady in young widowhood,  
 He wooed her and won, at the altar they stood.  
 United in wedlock as husband and wife,  
 Together they walked in the journey of life,  
 And when, by decree of his Maker, he died,  
 His spouse and companion soon slept by his side.  
 Their bodies repose in the same sacred tomb,  
 Awaiting in hope the loud trumpet of doom,  
 And pilgrims that visit their last resting place,  
 Stand gazing in silence, with awe in each face.  
 They feel that Mount Vernon is hallowed ground,  
 The mansion and all its environs around,  
 Because they are linked with the name and the life  
 Of earth's greatest man, and the woman his wife.  
 To him the rich boon of a seed was denied,  
 For childless he lived, without children he died.  
 But Providence equal and just, in their place,  
 Appointed him head of a numerous race.  
 The Father beloved of his country became  
 His title, distinction, and most cherished name.  
 All honor and praise to Virginia's great son,  
 The peerless, the spotless, the pure WASHINGTON.

High honor to ADAMS, his praises resound,  
 His merits exalt, and his fame spread around.  
 America, largely indebted to him,  
 Should never permit his bright deeds to grow dim.  
 Good service he rendered in his generation,  
 He labored to found and to foster this nation,  
 And by his great talents, his courage, and skill,  
 The force of his intellect, strength of his will,  
 A wise master builder, an architect rare,  
 He proved in erecting this temple so fair.  
 He loved and he gloried in Liberty, Right,  
 And all that promotes a State's freedom and might,  
 In knowledge, intelligence, learning and truth,

In schools for the culture of children and youth,  
 In virtue, morality, honesty, worth,  
 In peace and good will among men upon earth,  
 In justice and order, and law's sovereign sway,  
 A ruler majestic whom all should obey.  
 He hated oppression, the despot's control,  
 Rebelled against tyranny with mind, heart, and soul.  
 Alarmed by the clanking of slavery's chain,  
 He struggled for freedom from Albion's reign.  
 By letters and speech, with his tongue and his pen,  
 He earnestly sought to inflame other men,  
 And rouse them as patriots to make a bold stand,  
 And fight, if need be, in defence of their land.  
 He favored a Congress, and thither was sent,  
 A delegate to that great body he went.  
 The motion he made, and by skillful debate,  
 He caused to be carried the measure of state,  
 So big with the fortunes and fate of this land,  
 Conferring on WASHINGTON sovereign command.  
 He warmly supported, with bold declamation,  
 The famous, immortal, renowned Declaration,  
 And when on that memorable Fourth of July,  
 The deed was accomplished, with heart beating high,  
 Elated with triumph, with hope, and delight,  
 Foreseeing the future resplendent and bright,  
 As if with the vision of prophet inspired,  
 Or bard's lofty fervor enraptured and fired,  
 He painted, in strains of sublime exultation,  
 The scenes that should follow from that Declaration;  
 Predicting that when in midsummer each year,  
 The great Anniversary again should appear,  
 The day should be hailed as a bright jubilee,  
 And honored throughout this vast land of the free,  
 With joy and with gladness, with music and song,  
 With speeches addressed to the listening throng,  
 With feasting and shouting, with laughter and mirth,  
 With grateful regard to the national birth,  
 With ringing of bells, and with brilliant display  
 Of civic processions and troops in array,  
 With trumpet and fife, and the drum's rolling sound,

The roar of the cannon loud echoing round,  
 With banners and flags, and with streamers most gay,  
 With joyful, triumphant hosannas by day,  
 With torches and bonfires, and splendors by night,  
 And multiplied tokens of festive delight.  
 For fifty long years, with such scenes in his view,  
 He saw that the prophecy uttered was true,  
 And favored by Providence, fortunate man,  
 When called to depart and to end his brief span,  
 In midst of rejoicing, on this happy day,  
 The Fourth of July, his great soul passed away.  
 The semi-centennial he lived to behold,  
 Five decades of years since that time have been told,  
 And we that now live are permitted to see  
 The glorious CENTENNIAL, the grand JUBILEE.  
 O let us, a mighty, a free, happy nation,  
 In midst of our blessings and high jubilation,  
 Remember the debt unto ADAMS we owe,  
 And loving respect to his memory show.  
 When WASHINGTON left the executive chair,  
 This statesman succeeded, its burdens to bear.  
 He worthily filled the chief office of state,  
 Four years in this honored position he sate,  
 Then bidding adieu to political strife,  
 He sought the sweet shades of a calm, private life.  
 Among the great spirits produced by this land,  
 The name of JOHN ADAMS forever shall stand.





## BOOK III.

Third Period, the Administration of Jefferson, from 1801 to 1809.

Conjunction of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—Elevated point, from which to look back to the past, and forward to the future—Europe convulsed and wasted by war—Peace, growth, and prosperity of the United States—New States admitted into the Union, Kentucky, Vermont and Ohio—Western emigration, foreign commerce, tranquility and happiness of the people—THOMAS JEFFERSON, third President—His genius and talents—His distinction in politics, philosophy, science and art—Public services at home and abroad—Relation to JOHN ADAMS—Patriots and friends—Members of the Continental Congress, and of Committee to draft Declaration of Independence—Both reached the Presidency—Both lived to a great age, and both died on same day, July 4th, 1826—General sorrow and mourning caused by their demise—City of Washington founded, and first occupied as the Federal Capital in 1800—JEFFERSON, as President, occupies the White House—Greatest act of his administration, the purchase of Louisiana from France—Immense territory—Description of it—Explored by LEWIS and CLARKE—JEFFERSON to be ranked with famous discoverers, explorers, and promoters of geographical knowledge—Fall of ALEXANDER HAMILTON in a duel with AARON BURR—Lament over his decease—His genius, powers, greatness and fame—BURR's illustrious ancestry, brilliant talents, and distinction, both military and civic—Reputation, popularity, and prospects blighted by the killing of HAMILTON—Dies in obscurity and dishonor—Monitory example—JEFFERSON quits the Presidency, and retires to Monticello—His political principles—Founds the University of Virginia—His end.

'TIS fit, O my Muse, that we pause for a time,  
We stand on a height elevated, sublime,  
The point of conjunction where centuries meet,  
And worlds in their grandeur lie spread at our feet.  
As when the bold traveller, pursuing his way,  
From country to country advances each day,  
And reaches at length, in his onward career,  
A mountain, whose summits most lofty appear,  
Ascending he stands on the apex or crest,  
And gazes alike on the east and the west,  
Behind him he sees the vast land wandered o'er,  
Before him there stretches a tract to explore,  
A region extensive, surpassingly fair,  
Abounding in charms and in beauties most rare,  
And with a last lingering look and a sigh,

He bids to the scenes in his rear a good bye,  
 Then forward he presses with zeal fresh and new,  
 Amid the grand objects that open to view,  
 So in the great march, or the progress of time,  
 We stand on a summit exalted, sublime,  
 From which we look back on a century past,  
 And forward a glance at the future we cast.  
 Ten decade of years, with their brightness and gloom,  
 Their shame and their glory, have gone to the tomb.  
 With sorrow and sadness, a sigh and a tear,  
 We gaze on their forms, as they fade, disappear,  
 Then turning our faces, we greet with delight  
 New wonders and glories that burst on our sight.  
 Or as on the sailor, when crossing the line,  
 No longer the old and familiar stars shine,  
 But splendors more bright, constellations more grand,  
 Before his rapt vision in beauty expand,  
 And bidding adieu, in his southward career,  
 To lights that recede, in the new hemisphere,  
 He views the great orbs that in clusters abound,  
 The sky like a queen with a diadem crowned;  
 So when we look back to the former bright age,  
 The actors and scenes disappear from the stage,  
 But in the new cycle, with each rolling year,  
 Fresh glories in rapid succession appear.  
 While ADAMS and WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN and GREENE,  
 In life or high station, no longer are seen,  
 While all the bright deeds of a hundred years past,  
 Recede from the view, with time's shadow o'ercast,  
 A JEFFERSON, MADISON, a JACKSON, and CLAY,  
 And other great names, in long brilliant array,  
 Embellish the picture of national glory,  
 Add dignity, lustre, and fame to the story.  
 Then follow me while new events I portray,  
 New scenes and new actors, new movements display,  
 And paint in bright colors great things that appear,  
 The glories that shine in our country's career.

The nation had prospered and gone on its way,  
 Increasing in greatness, extending its sway,

Enlarging its limits, and growing in power,  
 In riches, resources, and strength every hour.  
 While Europe was burdened and wasted with war,  
 The United States, separated afar,  
 By waves of Atlantic that rolling between  
 Prevented her playing a part in the scene,  
 Was free from the evils of national strife,  
 No foreign invasion distracted her life.  
 While giants and Titans in conflict engaged,  
 And fierce angry tempests incessantly raged,  
 While nations abroad, like the great, heaving ocean,  
 Were lashed into fury, and kept in commotion,  
 America, spanned by the rainbow of peace,  
 Continued to flourish, expand, and increase.  
 O fortunate people, a young, ardent nation,  
 A rising republic, a thrifty plantation,  
 That rooted and grounded in this virgin mould,  
 Remote from old Europe, its life should unfold,  
 And here in the bosom of nature so wild,  
 As if her own offspring, her dearly loved child,  
 New forms and new phases of being should show,  
 And to a great height, a vast country should grow.  
 Simplicity, honesty, justice, and truth,  
 Distinguished the land in the time of its youth.  
 Hardworking and frugal, content with their lot,  
 The people were upright, unstained by the spot,  
 The marks that disfigure society now,  
 When many with stigma, like Cain, on their brow,  
 The guilt and the shame of corruption reveal,  
 In private and public they plunder and steal,  
 They rob and defraud, they assassinate, kill,  
 Their purses with ill-gotten treasure to fill.  
 Not thus in the primitive days did they do,  
 Then each was disposed a straight road to pursue,  
 And person and property, safely enjoyed,  
 Were seldom disturbed, violated, destroyed.  
 The fruits of good tillage were caused to abound,  
 The fields with rich harvests and plenty were crowned,  
 The forest was felled, and fresh inroads were made,  
 Where Nature her ample domain still displayed.

In place of the wigwam, the wild Indian's tent,  
 A race that once roamed the immense continent,  
 The smoke of the cabin was seen to arise,  
 The emigrant's signal, curling up to the skies.  
 New cities and towns as by magic sprung up,  
 All hearts were elated with joy and with hope,  
 The desert was made like the roses to bloom,  
 The forest, cut down, and bereft of its gloom,  
 Was changed to a garden, or green, fruitful field,  
 The soil was compelled large productions to yield.  
 New States were set up, not existing before,  
 For Union they sought, by a knock at the door.  
 The leaves were unfolded, the elder more grave,  
 To these younger sisters a warm welcome gave,  
 Received and admitted each maidenly guest,  
 Assigned her at table a seat with the rest.  
 Kentucky, Vermont, and the fair Tennessee,  
 Thus entered and sat, an addition of three.  
 Ohio next came in her beauty and pride,  
 And asked for a seat, which she gained, at their side.  
 The tide of migration flowed on to the west,  
 Like army in motion the pioneers pressed,  
 New regions they settled, fresh forests subdued,  
 Their march through the wildwood in triumph pursued  
 The sea-bird of Commerce, with fearless delight,  
 Unfolded her wings in adventurous flight,  
 High soaring and coasting all regions around,  
 Where products of trade and of traffic were found,  
 She gathered the goods of the east and the west,  
 Returned richly laden with spoils to her nest.  
 Gay, happy America, like a bright dream,  
 Those days of thy youthful felicity seem,  
 Ere pride and ambition, and war's bloody strife,  
 Had marred the fresh bloom of thy innocent life.

How bright the career, the long race that was run  
 By famous, immortal, renowned JEFFERSON,  
 A statesman, philosopher, scholar, and sage,  
 He played well his part on the world's ample stage.  
 He towered at home, and he figured abroad,

America, Europe, were joined to applaud  
 His talents and merits, and herald his fame,  
 In politics, science, how brilliant his name.  
 Endowed by his Maker with great powers and parts,  
 Familiar with learning, philosophy, arts,  
 A versatile genius, with tongue and with pen,  
 He moved and controlled mighty masses of men,  
 And left on his country, his age and his race,  
 Impressions which time cannot wholly efface.  
 The chaplet of glory encircles his brow,  
 And millions with love and with reverence bow,  
 And offer to him their profound admiration,  
 A founder and pillar of this rising nation.  
 'Tis hard on which side the centennial line  
 His proper position and rank to assign—  
 With WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, with ADAMS and all  
 Who in the last century's history fall,  
 The comrades and friends of his earlier years,  
 His noble associates, familiar compeers,  
 Or whether for this present cycle to claim  
 Chief share of his labors, his glory and fame.  
 For two generations he stood on the stage,  
 And served with distinction his country and age,  
 The champion of liberty, justice, and right,  
 An oracle, guide, and political light.  
 Like beacon resplendent upon a dark shore,  
 Reflecting its brilliance behind and before,  
 He threw a bright lustre far back on the past,  
 And forward his beams their effulgent light cast.  
 'Twas meet that the men who had founded the nation,  
 Supported and carried the great Declaration,  
 And led on their country to freedom and fame,  
 Assisted the plan of the Union to frame,  
 Like pilots should stand at the helm of the state,  
 And guide the new ship on her destiny great,  
 Should fill for long years the chief magistrate's chair,  
 Its duties perform, and its honors should wear.  
 When ADAMS withdrew, in the height of his fame,  
 This brother and friend his successor became.  
 Like Siamese twins, by a ligament strong,

United together through all their life long,  
 They acted and figured, a great, noble pair,  
 A CASTOR and POLLUX, bright, splendid, and fair,  
 Though born in two spots separated afar,  
 They entered the world underneath the same star.  
 As statesmen and patriots, equals in age,  
 They stood in conjunction upon the same stage,  
 And shoulder to shoulder, with heart and with hand,  
 Contended for freedom and their native land,  
 It fell to their lot to compose and prepare,  
 A paper for Congress to publish, declare,  
 Avowing the purpose, the mighty resolve,  
 The union with England to sever, dissolve,  
 Proclaiming the colonies are and should be  
 States sovereign, supreme, independent, and free.  
 They made through their chairman the famous report,  
 Which was to America like a strong fort,  
 A central position, a fortress and tower,  
 A rallying point in affliction's dark hour,  
 The noble, the grand, the sublime Declaration,  
 The birth of a new, independent, free nation.  
 For many long years in the service of state,  
 These two were conspicuous, honored, and great,  
 And when, far advanced, overburdened with age,  
 They came to depart, bid adieu to this stage,  
 By striking concurrence upon the same day,  
 They each breathed his last, and from earth passed away.  
 More marvellous still, on the Fourth of July,  
 These men so illustrious were summoned to die,  
 Remote from each other, at near the same hour,  
 They yielded their spirits to that mighty Power,  
 Who governs, disposes all things upon earth,  
 Appoints unto man both his exit and birth.  
 In midst of this national, great jubilee,  
 The fiftieth year since the land was made free,  
 While millions rejoiced, and with thundering sound  
 Proclaimed their delight, and re-echoed around  
 The praises of Freedom, and offered to heaven  
 The incense of thanks for the rich blessings given,  
 On this signal day in their country's bright story,

So linked with its birth, independence, and glory,  
 And crowded with memories dear to the heart,  
 Of scenes in which they had transacted a part,  
 With years, and with honors, and laurel wreaths crowned,  
 Their bodies returned to the dust of the ground.  
 Could mortal be honored with pageant more grand,  
 Than sorrow and mourning that filled this whole land,  
 A nation in tears and enveloped in gloom,  
 When these kindred souls were consigned to the tomb?

Behold at this stage of the country's career,  
 A signal event, a new wonder appear.  
 A capital city, predestined to rise,  
 And lift its high turrets and domes to the skies,  
 The Federal centre, the heart and the soul,  
 The seat of authority, strength, and control,  
 From which all the forces of administration  
 Should issue to guide and to govern the nation,  
 On banks of Potomac its features displayed,  
 A queen now in splendor and beauty arrayed.  
 As Rome was the head of dominion and power,  
 As Paris looms up like a grand, lofty tower,  
 As London a mighty metropolis stands,  
 The heart of an empire that binds many lands,  
 So Washington, bearing illustrious name,  
 America's centre of Union became.  
 While ADAMS was in the executive seat,  
 The national Congress came hither to meet,  
 And here the chief agents of Federal power  
 Their office have filled unto this present hour.  
 Embellished with buildings magnificent, great,  
 Designed for the service and uses of state,  
 Its summit, like Rome, with the Capital crowned,  
 In midst of its grandeur a structure is found,  
 Most brilliant of all to political eyes,  
 A splendid, attractive, and beautiful prize,  
 The object of hope, of ambition, desire  
 To many that after distinction aspire,  
 The end of the race, the proud triumph and goal,  
 The zenith of honors, the crown of the whole,

A palace of glory, a bright, shining dome,  
 The dazzling White House, the chief magistrate's home.  
 To this public mansion, by popular voice,  
 Preferred to all others by national choice,  
 A son of Virginia, in midst of his fame,  
 The gifted and talented JEFFERSON came.  
 Among the great acts performed for the nation,  
 That brightly distinguished his administration,  
 A glory resplendent, a star and a gem,  
 That glitters and sparkles in his diadem,  
 And shines in its lustre, its value, extent,  
 A mighty achievement, a noted event,  
 Was the grand acquisition, or purchase he made,  
 Of Louisiana, by NAPOLEON conveyed,  
 A million square miles, a most splendid domain,  
 Of mountain and prairie, of upland and plain,  
 Extending for many a league and degree,  
 Far west to the verge of the broad, peaceful sea,  
 And northward and southward through many a clime,  
 Abounding with rivers majestic, sublime,  
 The great Mississippi, Missouri's grand flood,  
 And multiplied currents a numberless brood  
 Of sons that the Father of waters obey,  
 And tribute to his liquid majesty pay.  
 A valley immense, an alluvial plain,  
 Lay right in the midst of this spacious domain,  
 Our country's most fertile magnificent part,  
 An Egypt in richness, its centre and heart,  
 Surpassing in value, in grandeur, extent,  
 All similar regions on this continent,  
 The rival of India's productive, broad plains,  
 Where GANGES, an orient potentate, reigns.  
 As embryo germs within its vast womb,  
 Awaiting their birth in the period to come,  
 New States were enfolded, and quietly lay,  
 That rank as great, giant republics to-day.  
 Arkansas, Missouri, Nebraska, these three,  
 And numbers of others that are or shall be,  
 Were formed and constructed from this mighty land,  
 Free commonwealths, noble, potential, and grand.



Ask ye for a witness, a monument proud,  
 A column that rears its tall head to the cloud,  
 The proofs of a statesman foreseeing and wise?  
 Look round, on this galaxy fasten your eyes,  
 Behold in this cluster of commonwealths fair  
 The fruits of political prudence most rare,  
 And see in their greatness the great JEFFERSON,  
 Who shines in the land his sagacity won.

Already inscribed upon many a scroll,  
 His name is engraved on another grand roll,  
 The lovers of science, that sought to explore  
 New regions and countries untrodden before.  
 Mankind, in all ages, high honor have given  
 To those daring spirits that, favored by heaven,  
 Have boldly searched out and the places revealed,  
 In distant recesses of nature concealed.  
 How brilliant the fame, and how thrilling the story,  
 What lustre resplendent, what halos of glory,  
 Surround the discoverer, who, roaming afar,  
 In quest of new facts, or in service of war,  
 Brings back a description of long hidden lands,  
 Geography's limits enlarges, expands.  
 Not martial achievements and civic renown  
 Alone ALEXANDER adorn with a crown,  
 But higher, and brighter, and nobler, by far  
 Than all his grand feats and successes in war,  
 Are triumphs and trophies of knowledge obtained,  
 The laurels which as an explorer he gained.  
 Among the great names which this science can boast,  
 Are POLO, COLUMBUS, the chief of the host,  
 BALBOA, MAGELLAN, and VASCO, the bold,  
 Who saw where the waves of new oceans were rolled,  
 And men that have toiled 'neath an African sun.  
 The LANDORS, and PARK, and renowned LIVINGSTONE.  
 With this goodly company JEFFERSON stands;  
 His notes of Virginia depicted new lands.  
 He LEDVARD engaged, and with ardor inspired,  
 His breast with adventurous purpose he fired,  
 To compass the bleak, frigid zone, and to land

On Northern America's far distant strand,  
 Thence eastward the wild scenes of Nature survey,  
 In quest of a grand continental highway,  
 By which the rich commerce of Asia should pour,  
 From ports of the West to the Atlantic shore.  
 And when the great wilderness ceded by France,  
 Invitingly lay, like a field of romance,  
 He burned with desire its chief features to scan,  
 For this noble purpose he formed a bold plan,  
 And sent forth his agents to search and explore  
 This region immense, unexamined before,  
 With enterprise, courage, with daring and skill,  
 They ventured his mighty design to fulfill.  
 They traversed the forest, the prairie, the plain,  
 They boldly ascended the great mountain chain,  
 The grand rocky barrier that in their path lay,  
 Whose peaks are snow crowned on a mid-summer's day.  
 They traced giant rivers to their primal fount,  
 Far up in the gorges of that rocky mount,  
 And threaded their way through dark canyons sublime,  
 Where man had ne'er gone since the birth-day of time.  
 From summit beholding the outlying mountains,  
 Descending they drank of the cool, crystal fountains,  
 The head springs of rivers that flowed to the west,  
 Still onward, with zeal and with ardor, they pressed.  
 To scenes on the east they had bidden adieu,  
 New wonders and glories now burst on their view.  
 They follow their course by Columbia's wild shore,  
 They gaze on its Falls, with their thundering loud roar,  
 The dash of its waters, as headlong they bound,  
 The noisy Cascades, that reverberate round.  
 With patience and toil they advance through the wood,  
 See looming in grandeur the head of Mount Hood,  
 The great, giant monarch that beckons them on,  
 The glory and crown of the vast Oregon.  
 At last their long journey is brought to an end,  
 No further can they their land travels extend.  
 Arrested by waves of the ocean they stand  
 With joy and delight on the surf-beaten strand,  
 And eagerly cast on its waters their view,

A scene most enchanting and pleasingly new.  
 All hail, ye successful and brave pioneers,  
 Let clustering honors grow thick with the years,  
 That coming and going, in their annual round,  
 Your deeds shall rehearse, and your praises resound.  
 Ye first led the way, and the road ye blazed out,  
 Left traces and marks for a national route,  
 A highway across the plains, mountains and streams,  
 A road now surpassing the wildest of dreams.  
 The track of the railway displays its long course,  
 While ponderous engines, with giant-like force,  
 Roll on in their grandeur by day and by night,  
 And tidings are sped with the lightning's of swift flight.  
 The great expedition of LEWIS and CLARKE  
 Emblazons our country, a prominent mark,  
 A brilliant, important, historic event,  
 That shines in the annals of this continent.  
 It added fresh lustre to JEFFERSON's fame,  
 Reflected bright honor upon his great name.  
 America, weep for a favorite son,  
 Lament for the fall of the great HAMILTON.  
 Endowed with a genius exalted and bright,  
 He shone with a brilliant and far-beaming light,  
 Illumined the land with the rays of his glory,  
 Gave lustre and fame to our national story.  
 High-minded, heroic, chivalric, and brave,  
 In midst of his days he went down to the grave.  
 In fulness of vigor, he entered the tomb,  
 His death filled his country with horror and gloom.  
 He fell in his manhood, his strength, and his prime,  
 Unsilvered by age, and unfrosted by time.  
 The sun of his glory was darkened at noon,  
 He died prematurely, he perished too soon.  
 With sorrow and mourning collect round his bier,  
 And gaze on his form with a sigh and a tear.  
 A tear of affection most tenderly shed,  
 And sigh with regret for the ill-fated dead.  
 Alas, that he fell in a personal strife,  
 And staked on a duel his honor and life;  
 A combat most foolish, and wicked, and bad,

A struggle whose issues are frequently sad,  
 When death sets its seal on the lips and the eyes,  
 And widows and orphans bewail with their cries.  
 Thus HAMILTON perished by BURR's cruel hand,  
 And stained with his blood the North River's fair strand,  
 Whose tides, should they cover the black, ugly spot,  
 Could never wash out and efface the dark blot.  
 New York, with her grandeur, her glory, and fame,  
 Can boast of no greater and no prouder name.

Survivor and rival of this brilliant man,  
 Who handled the weapon that ended his span,  
 Thou, too, noted BURR, shalt receive in my song  
 The praises that to thy bright actions belong,  
 As well as the censure thy conduct demands,  
 Strict justice receive from poetical hands.  
 Descended from father distinguished and good,  
 The offspring of one that pre-eminent stood  
 In learning and piety, virtue, and worth,  
 A light of the world and the salt of the earth,  
 The grandson of EDWARDS, the famous divine,  
 Whose merits and glories refulgently shine,  
 Whose genius, and labors, and writings adorn  
 The age and the country in which he was born,  
 A scholar, a preacher, philosopher rare,  
 An author transcendent with whom few compare,  
 The prince of the pulpit in this hemisphere,  
 A champion of faith without rival or peer,  
 Thou didst, in large measure, their talent inherit,  
 Their quickness of parts, and their brilliance of spirit,  
 But never, alas, any share in their grace,  
 Or temper to run after them in the race.  
 Thy country for many long years thou didst serve,  
 Nor from the true path of a patriot swerve.  
 Thy zeal and thy courage flamed out in the war,  
 Thy genius in politics shone like a star,  
 And higher in rank thou didst constantly rise,  
 Ascending the path that leads up to the skies,  
 Till on a grand summit, almost in thy grasp,  
 The prize and the crown thou wert ready to clasp.

The office of President nearly became  
 Thy treasure and fountain of increasing fame.  
 The cup so inviting was dashed to the ground,  
 With that laurel chaplet thy brow was not crowned.  
 Enraged, disappointed by ebb of the tide,  
 And missing the mark of ambition and pride,  
 Thou didst on thy foes vent thy malice and spleen,  
 Next act in the drama, there followed the scene,  
 When HAMILTON fell on the Hudson's green shore,  
 And sprinkled the sward with his rich, crimson gore.  
 The triumph was thine, but his hoarse, vengeful tomb,  
 Became thy dark sepulchre, croaking thy doom,  
 The grave of thy hopes, thy bright prospects, and fame,  
 And cast a deep shadow on thy honored name.  
 Like planet of light, that has shot from its sphere,  
 And madly pursues a wild, roving career,  
 So thou, shining BURR, from thy orbit didst fly,  
 A wandering star in the national sky,  
 That recklessly roamed on its devious way,  
 Till, sinking in darkness, it vanished away.  
 Take warning, ye men, whose endowments are bright,  
 And shun by the splendor of this beacon light  
 The shoals and the rocks that your vessel surround,  
 Lest tossed without rudder, your ship run aground.  
 Be true to your country, to virtue, to God,  
 Pursue the straight path by a WASHINGTON trod,  
 And follow the footsteps of worthies renowned,  
 With similar honors your heads shall be crowned.

At length the eight years of his office expired,  
 When JEFFERSON from the arena retired,  
 Resolved in the height of his glory and fame,  
 With lustre undimmed, and with unsullied name,  
 To quit the great stage of political life,  
 So often the scene of fierce partisan strife,  
 And seek in the shades of a private repose,  
 Release from official acts, burdens, and woes.  
 His messages, writings, and administration,  
 His forty years service in high public station,  
 Revealed and proclaimed his political creed,

Embodied in many a statement and deed,  
 And this he bequeathed as a heritage fair,  
 A treasure of value, a legacy rare,  
 To men of this country in all future time,  
 A chart for their ship on its voyage sublime.  
 "Let justice," he taught, "be dispensed to each one;  
 Keep peace with all nations, alliance with none.  
 At home, let the States in full vigor preserve  
 The liberties, rights, which they chose to reserve.  
 The national government firmly maintain,  
 Its plain, constitutional, just powers sustain,  
 Sheet-anchor of safety, of freedom, and right,  
 Pursue the career pointed out by this light.  
 In happiness, glory our land shall increase,  
 Be honored abroad, and have internal peace.  
 While numberless ages their circuits roll round,  
 Our country shall be with prosperity crowned."

To scenes long familiar he bade an adieu,  
 To fair Monticello's green summit withdrew,  
 And there at his leisure, with dignified ease,  
 Polite and accomplished, well fitted to please  
 The strangers and friends from a distance that came,  
 Attracted by splendor and fame of his name,  
 He spent in seclusion from popular gaze,  
 The remnant of life, the decline of his days.  
 Devoted to letters, to science and art,  
 He still in this sphere played a prominent part,  
 Projected a plan, most extensive and great,  
 For increase of learning in his own loved State.  
 Virginia's great college he founded, the last  
 Of labors he wrought ere from this stage he passed.  
 His task was performed, his achievements were done,  
 He vanished in glory as sets the bright sun.  
 He died in the fullness of honors and years,  
 As corn fully ripe, in its time, disappears.  
 For ages unmeasured, with lustre shine on,  
 Thou brilliant, bright star, thou renowned JEFFERSON.

## BOOK IV.

Fourth Period, the Administration of Madison, from 1809 to 1817.

JAMES MADISON, fourth President—His talents, purity, and agency in framing the Federal Constitution—War of 1812—Caused by British aggression—The great European conflict between NAPOLEON and his enemies—Our war with England incidentally grew out of that mighty struggle—British orders in council—Impressment of American seamen and restrictions on commerce—Cry of Free Trade and Sailors' Rights—War declared—The people enter heartily into the contest—Operations on the northern frontier—Battle of Niagara, or Lundy's Lane—Generals RIPLEY, BROWN and SCOTT, and Colonel MILLER—Commodore PERRY's victory on Lake Erie—CHAUNCEY and McDONOUGH on Lakes Champlain and Ontario—General HULL's shameful surrender at Detroit—Indignation aroused by that event—A new army raised, composed of Western and Southern men—General HARRISON, Governor SHELBY, and Colonel RICHARD M. JOHNSON—Pursuit of the British and Indians under General PROCTOR—Battle of the River Thames—Overwhelming defeat of the enemy—Death of TECUMSEH—Tribute to Southern and Western valor and patriotism displayed in that campaign—Brilliant achievements of the American navy at sea—Heroic and distinguished captains, LAWRENCE, BAINBRIDGE, DECATUR, RODGERS, BIDDLE, PORTER—British Fleet in Chesapeake Bay—Capture of Washington by the British—Vandalism in burning the public buildings—Attempt on Baltimore—Bombardment of Fort McHenry—Gallant and successful defence—Origin of national anthem, the Star Spangled Banner—New song in honor of the American flag—English expedition against New Orleans—Army largely composed of WELLINGTON's veterans—Watchword of Beauty and Booty—General ANDREW JACKSON in command of the American troops—Battle of New Orleans, on the 8th of January, 1815—British repulsed and defeated with great slaughter—General SIR EDWARD PACKENHAM killed—Brilliant victory of the Americans—Close of the War.

NEW scenes in the great panorama behold  
Which Time's busy march to the view shall unfold.  
In rapid succession events meet the eye,  
Grand pageants, processions, and figures pass by.  
The drama progresses, the action goes on,  
We greet on the stage the beloved MADISON.  
He bears off the palm, and assumes the chief place,  
All others are distanced by him in the race.  
By nature endowed with a vigorous mind,  
Which culture expanded, improved, and refined,  
Distinguished for virtue, integrity, truth,  
His manhood fulfilled the fair promise of youth,

And proved him a statesman transcendent and great,  
 Who sat for long years in the councils of state,  
 And shone with bright lustre throughout his career,  
 Pure, spotless, unblemished in every tried sphere.  
 But chiefly he earned a proud title to fame,  
 And won for himself an illustrious name,  
 By labors performed and by skill he displayed,  
 Upon the great work which with others he made,  
 The grand constitution by WASHINGTON signed,  
 As if by a wisdom celestial designed,  
 So perfect in beauty, so worthy of praise,  
 The building those architects struggled to raise.  
 He bore in this service a principal part,  
 And with his sound intellect, judgment and art,  
 He deeply impressed on the structure his skill,  
 The marks of his genius, the stamp of his will.  
 To this gifted man let America raise  
 The pæan of honor, the tribute of praise,  
 And crown with a garland of glory her son,  
 The just, patriotic, and wise MADISON.  
 By order of Providence, equal and fair,  
 He reached in due time the executive chair,  
 And furnished the world with a fresh illustration  
 Of gratitude cherished by this youthful nation,  
 For those mighty heroes and statesmen that fought,  
 Its freedom to win, and its happiness sought.

When JEFFERSON'S services came to an end,  
 His place was supplied by this brother and friend,  
 Who stood at the helm of the vessel of State,  
 In troublesome times, when the peril was great,  
 But brought her triumphantly, safely to shore,  
 The harbor of peace, when the danger was o'er.  
 When MADISON ruled, a malignant, fierce star  
 Enkindled the flames of a new, bloody war,  
 That raged on the land, and disturbed the vast ocean,  
 With fury of battle and stormy commotion.  
 This war, and its triumphs and deeds, let us sing,  
 A conflict with England, her Senate and King,  
 The nation our fathers combined to oppose,  
 In peace faithful friends, but in war bitter foes.



Aggression and wrong by the British became  
 The cause of this struggle, and lighted this flame.  
 Our ships were insulted, our seamen impressed,  
 Our commerce was shackled, restricted, oppressed,  
 Remonstrance, appeals for relief, were in vain,  
 For outrage and wrong no redress could we gain,  
 The Rights of the sailor, Free Commerce and Trade,  
 The rallying cry of the people was made.  
 The shout of defiance was echoed afar,  
 The nation with boldness resorted to war,  
 Determined its honor and rights to maintain  
 And fight the great battle for freedom again.

As two mighty lions, with fury and rage,  
 In fierce, deadly combat each other engage,  
 Contending for victory, lordship and life,  
 And all the vast forest resounds with the strife,  
 While frightened the weaker beasts trembling hear  
 The roar of the conflict that breaks on the ear,  
 So two martial giants, with banners unfurled,  
 Disputed and fought for the throne of the world.  
 The Corsican hero, with faith in his star,  
 The genius incarnate of battle and war,  
 With lofty ambition inflamed and inspired,  
 To glory, dominion, and conquest aspired,  
 And struggled the prize and the triumph to gain,  
 The mastery, sceptre, and crown to obtain,  
 That, Lord of the universe, reigning alone,  
 All lands should his rule and his sovereignty own.  
 Of nations allied and opposed to this man,  
 Great Britain, heroic and brave, led the van,  
 Her standard defiantly flung to the breeze,  
 Her ancient supremacy held on the seas,  
 And swept with her navy the wide, liquid plain,  
 The ocean she claimed as her rightful domain.  
 This contest of Titans on sea and on land,  
 Assuming proportions majestic and grand,  
 Involved all the world in the vortex of war,  
 Its echoes terrific resounded afar.  
 The noise of the conflict, its loud awful roar

Was heard on America's far distant shore.  
 From this mighty struggle convulsing the earth,  
 Our warfare with England arose and had birth.  
 Her Orders in Council, her arrogant tone,  
 The spirit that ruled in her senate and throne,  
 The right to examine and search on the seas  
 What vessels her naval commanders might please,  
 Our sailors to seize, in her service impress,  
 For wrong and oppression refusing redress,  
 The burdens, restrictions on commerce she laid,  
 Her efforts to check and suppress our free trade,  
 Her measures and actions, offensive, unkind,  
 Revealing a hostile intention of mind,  
 Awakened strong passions, complaints deep and loud,  
 That soon were collected in war's angry cloud,  
 Whose contents of terror, of fury and wrath,  
 Were freely discharged by the storm in its path.  
 The national spirit arose to its height,  
 The people with ardor prepared for the fight,  
 And rallied with courage their flag to sustain,  
 The foe to defeat, and the triumph to gain.

On Canada's border, along the frontier,  
 Where lakes in their grandeur and beauty appear,  
 Whose waters immense their great volume discharge  
 In one mighty river majestic and large.  
 The noble St. Lawrence that, rolling in pride,  
 Is mingled and lost in the ocean's vast tide,  
 The thunder of battle is echoed around,  
 The roar of the cannon, the musketry's sound,  
 As Britons with sons of America vie,  
 Each army determined to conquer or die.  
 How grandly terrific, majestic, sublime,  
 A scene seldom witnessed in progress of time,  
 The contest appeared, when Niagara's sound  
 Commingled with echoes of battle around,  
 And Nature's great organ resounding afar,  
 Assisted to swell the loud thunders of war.  
 On that bloody field 'twas the fortune and lot  
 Of RIPLEY and MILLER, of BROWN and of SCOTT,

To win for the arms of their country fresh fame,  
 Her valor display, and her honor proclaim.  
 While heroes contended and fought on the land,  
 The captains entrusted with naval command,  
 Flotillas prepared on the great inland seas,  
 Their banner with boldness unfurled to the breeze,  
 The cause of their country with courage maintained,  
 Proud triumph and brilliant successes obtained.  
 How perfect the victory, full and complete,  
 Achieved by the daring American fleet,  
 When PERRY the gallant, heroic, and brave  
 Sailed forth with his squadron on Erie's bright wave,  
 Encountered the foe in his splendid array,  
 And bore off the honors on that signal day.  
 His brow was entwined with the laurels of glory,  
 His deeds were recounted in song and in story,  
 His countrymen lauded, exalted his name,  
 Rejoiced in his triumph, and published his fame.  
 Among the great naval commanders that shine,  
 With splendor and brightness, a long, famous line,  
 And shed on our annals their lustre and light,  
 This hero is eminent, honored and bright.  
 View CHAUNCEY, McDONOUGH, his partners in fame,  
 Champlain and Ontario resound with their name,  
 Illustrious heroes, distinguished, renowned,  
 With garlands, the emblems of victory, crowned.

These triumphs and glories were mingled with shame,  
 A painful and gloomy disaster became  
 The source of deep grief, a keen sense of disgrace,  
 When HULL at Detroit, with a cowardice base,  
 Surrendered his army, succumbed to the foe,  
 And yielded the post without striking a blow.  
 A tempest of wrath and of fierce indignation  
 Was roused by the tidings throughout the whole nation,  
 And soon, as the fruit of the ardor inspired,  
 An army was gathered, that warmly desired  
 To wipe out the stain, the dishonor, and shame,  
 That sullied and tarnished our country's fair name.  
 Ohio, Kentucky, and all the vast West

Sent forth their choice sons, who with eagerness pressed  
 In rapid pursuit of the foe, and marched on,  
 Commanded and led by the brave HARRISON,  
 While SHELBY and JOHNSON, with lion-like heart,  
 Were close by his side, in the chase bore a part.  
 As when a great eagle, discerning the prey,  
 Darts downward and bears it in triumph away,  
 As when the fierce tiger, with one mighty bound,  
 Springs forward and brings a huge beast to the ground,  
 So this valiant army, with one deadly blow,  
 Struck down the ferocious and arrogant foe.  
 The British were scattered like chaff in a storm,  
 The Indians were slaughtered, TECUMSEH's proud form  
 Lay prostrate in death, and a trophy became,  
 His fall on the victors shed lustre and fame.  
 A shout of glad triumph, a pæan of praise  
 Arose when this savage no longer could raise  
 The weapons of war, and go forth on the path  
 Of vengeance and blood, with insatiate wrath,  
 To waste and to plunder, to butcher, destroy,  
 And find in such deeds' his chief pleasure and joy.  
 He towered a hero, the head of his race,  
 He sought to drive back the advancing Pale Face,  
 From grasp of his hand the dominion to wrest,  
 And make the Red Man the sole lord of the West.  
 In vain was the struggle, he fell in the strife,  
 On the banks of the Thames he surrendered his life.  
 The enemy met with a crushing defeat,  
 Our array was crowned with a triumph complete.  
 All honor to that patriotic, brave band,  
 That rushed to the field in defence of their land,  
 And shoulder to shoulder as brothers abreast,  
 The sons of the South and the virgin North-west  
 Compelled the invader with shame to recoil,  
 Abandon and fly from American soil,  
 And mingled in one common current the blood  
 That gushed from their veins, in a rich purple flood,  
 Poured out as a precious and costly libation,  
 On one common altar, for one common nation.  
 Together they fought, and together they fell,

Their deeds and their glory let history tell.  
 Inflamed with the spirit of those noble sires,  
 Their children shall burn with the same fervid fires,  
 The same patriotic impulses shall feel,  
 And linked in affection with hooks as of steel,  
 Beneath the same banner as brothers shall stand,  
 The strength and the bulwark of one common land.

What glories encircled another brave band  
 Of heroes that valiantly fought for this land,  
 The gallant commanders of vessels at sea,  
 Who boldly contended our commerce to free  
 From tyranny, search, and caprice of our foes,  
 The shackles Great Britain designed to impose.  
 They lighted the ocean with victory's flame,  
 The flash of their guns, and they thundered the name,  
 The courage and prowess of this growing nation,  
 Extorting the highest applause, admiration,  
 And filling the world with its glory, renown,  
 While winning, adorning themselves with a crown.  
 Our nautical heroes, a galaxy bright,  
 That shine like a cluster of stars in the night,  
 Deserve lasting notice, remembrance and praise,  
 To them let the country proud monuments raise,  
 And spread far abroad their exploits and their fame,  
 Their triumphs, and merits, and honors proclaim.  
 Let LAWRENCE and BAINBRIDGE with garlands be crowned,  
 The names of DECATUR and RODGERS resound,  
 The deeds of a BIDDLE and PORTER rehearse,  
 And others extol both in prose and in verse.

New dangers appear, most appalling and great,  
 That threaten disaster and woe to our State.  
 A vast naval force, like a fierce angry storm,  
 A sea cloud or tempest, of dark, dreadful form,  
 Approaches to ravage our long line of shore,  
 Its fury and strength on our country to pour.  
 This fleet, in imposing and splendid array,  
 Swept over the tranquil, broad Chesapeake Bay,  
 And suddenly landed a soldierly band,

That carried the sword and the torch in their hand.  
 Our national centre they boldly marched on,  
 Unchecked in their progress, they seized Washington,  
 Its fine public buildings they gave to the flame,  
 By this vandal action they sullied their fame,  
 And stamped on themselves and their country's fair face,  
 A stigma of shame and a mark of disgrace.  
 Proceeding in triumph, this proud British fleet,  
 Is bravely resisted, and forced to retreat.  
 The beautiful city on Maryland's shore,  
 The pride of the State, the fair Baltimore,  
 Her ornament, glory, her boast, and her joy,  
 The enemy seeks to subdue and destroy.  
 In vain does he hurl from his vessels afar  
 The missels of death, the fierce tempest of war.  
 McHenry responds with a loud, bellowing sound,  
 The roar of its cannon re-echoes around.  
 By day and by night the bombardment proceeds,  
 A struggle distinguished by noble, bright deeds,  
 The gallant defence which our countrymen made,  
 The courage, the firmness, and skill they displayed,  
 The zeal and the ardor with which they were fired,  
 The fervor with which their brave hearts were inspired,  
 While over them floated, triumphant and grand,  
 The Star-spangled banner, the flag of their land,  
 In midst of the battle an anthem had birth,  
 Now sung by Americans throughout the whole earth,  
 The national hymn, so familiar and dear,  
 Whose words and whose music the patriot cheer,  
 And nerve to great actions the free and the brave,  
 Alike on the land and the ocean's blue wave.  
 This flag in its beauty still floats to the breeze,  
 At home and abroad on the most distant seas,  
 And rallying round it with hearts firm and true,  
 Its honors resound in these strains fresh and new.

The Star-spangled banner, the blue, red and white,  
 The symbol of unity, justice, and right,  
 Unfurled by the brave, may it evermore be  
 The foe of oppression, the flag of the free.

Emblazoned and bright, may no star be erased,  
 Or stripe from its beautiful folds be effaced;  
 With lustre undimmed, may this brilliant ensign,  
 Like gems in the firmament, sparkle and shine.

Should foes, in their malice, this standard assail,  
 Recoiling with shame, may they never prevail;  
 Unconquered, unrent, may this banner sublime  
 Triumphantlly float through the ages of time.

Inflamed with devotion, undying and strong,  
 To Liberty's flag, we will echo the song,  
 "The Star-spangled Banner, O long may it wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

All eyes are next turned to the far distant South,  
 Ships, transports, a navy is seen at the mouth  
 Of turbulent, broad Mississippi's deep flood,  
 Conveying a force on its mission of blood,  
 An army of soldiers and seamen combined,  
 For slaughter, spoilation, and conquest designed.  
 This army, a mighty and veteran host,  
 Embraced in its ranks, of their presence could boast,  
 Large numbers connected with WELLINGTON's band,  
 That followed his standard in many a land,  
 Accustomed to action beneath his keen glance,  
 When fiercely contending with warriors of France.  
 By river and mountain, in valley and plain,  
 O'er all the vast surface of Portugal, Spain,  
 On field of Vittoria, Busaco's rough height,  
 In many a bloody and terrible fight,  
 They valiantly met, measured arms with the foe,  
 And triumphed at last in his grand overthrow.  
 These veteran soldiers, elated, victorious,  
 And fresh from a conflict for England most glorious,  
 And panting for conquest, for triumph, and fame,  
 To banks of the great Mississippi now came,  
 Resolved all their deeds and their honors to crown  
 With one mighty act of glory, renown.  
 A city of splendor attracted their eyes,

It glittered before them a rich, brilliant prize,  
 Its treasures and pleasures they eagerly sought,  
 And to a high pitch of excitement were wrought,  
 By watchword and promise of Booty and Beauty,  
 Incentives to earnest performance of duty.  
 They knew not the lion that lay in their path,  
 A JACKSON aroused to fierce ardor and wrath,  
 Whose spirit his army with courage inspired,  
 With valor heroic their bosoms he fired,  
 And waited with calmness the enemy's blow,  
 The stroke and attack of the arrogant foe.  
 At sound of a cannon, the loud signal gun,  
 Beneath the clear rays of a bright morning sun,  
 The British advance, and in ranks full and deep,  
 With soldierly tread, with a forward march sweep  
 Across the wide plain, between river and swamp,  
 To storm his breastworks, and to capture his camp.  
 On, on in their grandeur and brilliance they come,  
 To blast of the trumpet and beat of the drum,  
 With flags and with banners resplendent and gay,  
 A picture of battle's imposing array.  
 A flash from our line, and a sudden, loud sound,  
 Quick volleys of musketry echoing round,  
 With peals of artillery, terrific and grand,  
 That rolled like deep thunder far over the land,  
 Announced to the foe the reception prepared,  
 Resistance to death, stern defiance declared.  
 Cut down like the grass by the mower's sharp scythe,  
 His men strew the ground, and in agony writhe.  
 Vast numbers are wounded, and multitudes die,  
 The rest are disordered and hastily fly.  
 Their gallant commander is stretched on the plain,  
 Proud PACKENHAM lies with the mangled and slain,  
 And many exalted, distinguished, and brave,  
 There fell in the conflict, and there found a grave.  
 The Stars and the Stripes still triumphantly waved,  
 From capture and rapine the city was saved,  
 The enemy beaten, disheartened, withdrew,  
 The news of the victory rapidly flew,  
 And widely proclaimed by the loud tongue of fame,



The country resounded with JACKSON's great name.  
This brilliant achievement the last of the war,  
Blazed brightly, and scattered its splendor afar,  
And circled with halo of glory the band  
That stood like a wall in defence of the land,  
Drove back the invader, defeated our foes,  
And crowned with a triumph the strife's bloody close.



## BOOK V.

Fifth Period, extending from 1817 to 1876.

National progress—Acquisition of Florida—Its delights and charms—Favorite Winter resort of invalids and pleasure seekers—Missouri agitation and compromise—Three successive Presidents, JAMES MONROE, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, and ANDREW JACKSON—First seven Presidents compared to the Pleiades—The famous trio, HENRY CLAY, DANIEL WEBSTER, and JOHN C. CALHOUN Compared to three brilliant stars in Orion—Celebrated American inventors, ELI WHITNEY, ROBERT FULTON, CYRUS H. McCORMICK, SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, ELIAS HOWE—Other improvements, arts and industries—All to be displayed at the Centennial Exhibition—The Seminole War—Admission of Texas into the Union—The war with Mexico—Americans united in that conflict—McCLELLAN, GRANT, LEE and JACKSON fought side by side—Results of the war, military glory and territorial extension—New Mexico and California acquired—The United States so enlarged as to extend in one broad belt from ocean to ocean—Magnificent country—Wonderful growth and pleasing picture of national greatness and felicity—Tremendous convulsion, the civic struggle, or war between the States—Secession put down, and the Union cause triumphant—The North victorious, the South defeated—Only solace of the latter, her manhood, honor and fame—Tribute to the bravery, gallantry, and heroism of her soldiers that fell in the conflict—Grand military review held by the Genius of War in Hades, or place of departed spirits—Troops of all nations and ages defile before him, Egyptians, Hebrews, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Carthaginians, Goths, Vandals, Saracens, Crusaders, Spaniards, Germans, French and English—Last of all, the veterans of LEE and JACKSON, who bear off the palm—Alienation and strife to be succeeded by fraternity and peace—Bright and glorious future—The United States the Fatherland of all its children, native and adopted—To be transmitted as an inheritance to coming generations.

OUR country, pursuing a peaceful career,  
Expanded and prospered with each rolling year.  
Fair Florida, purchased, and ceded by Spain,  
Was added, a rich territorial gain.  
A tropical region of fruits and of flowers,  
The land of the orange, of groves and of bowers,  
Composed of the oak, the magnolia, and pine,  
Festooned with gray moss and the wild creeping vine,  
Where Spring in her verdure is ever arrayed,  
And all her gay charms to the eye are displayed.  
The soft balmy air, the cool, gentle breeze,  
Blowing in from the Gulf and the clear southern seas,  
The seekers of health and of pleasure invite,

And woo to this Eden of rest and delight.  
 The rival of Italy's climate and skies,  
 This bright sunny land in its loveliness lies.  
 As from the chill, frozen, and icy-bound north,  
 When winter approaches, the birds sally forth,  
 In search of a warmer and more genial sky,  
 And far to the south in vast multitudes fly,  
 So all the bleak portions and zones of our nation  
 Pour forth in each year a full tide of migration,  
 Great crowds of the feeble, the young and the old,  
 That fly from the long northern winters so cold.  
 Afar to this mild southern climate they haste,  
 Its air to inhale, and its pleasures to taste.  
 New States were received into friendly communion,  
 And by their accession gave strength to the Union.  
 Missouri's admission alone gendered strife,  
 Disturbing the peace of our national life,  
 And like a dark, ominous cloud seen on high,  
 O'ercast with its gloom the political sky.  
 But this transient tempest, allayed by a CLAY,  
 The great Pacifier, soon vanished away.

Three men patriotic, exalted, renowned,  
 With civic distinction or martial wreath crowned,  
 In turn were elected by will of the nation,  
 To fill its first office and most honored station.  
 The gentle MONROE, with unanimous voice,  
 Was called to preside by the popular choice.  
 Then ADAMS and JACKSON successively sate  
 In chair of chief magistrate, head of the State.  
 The last made the circle of worthies complete,  
 That sat for long years in the President's seat,  
 The seven first rulers so famed in our story,  
 Encircled with halos of light and of glory,  
 Chief actors that played on our national stage,  
 And gilded with splendor a past golden age.  
 As in the vast canopy glowing on high,  
 Seven stars in one cluster illumine the sky,  
 So seven great names joined in one constellation,  
 Shed lustre and honor and fame on our nation.

They shine like the Pleiades, brilliant and bright,  
 That deck with their radiance the dark brow of night.  
 Yet not these alone their effulgence unfold,  
 But other fair gems in their lustre behold.  
 As when to the firmament blazing on high,  
 In wonder, amazement, uplifting the eye,  
 Amid the rich glories of that spangled frame,  
 The radiant splendors that burn like a flame,  
 Three stars most resplendent, transcendently bright,  
 Arrest the attention, bedazzle the sight,  
 The triad we see in Orion so vast,  
 For brilliance and lustre and size unsurpassed,  
 So when we survey our political sky,  
 Three stars of first magnitude dazzle the eye,  
 The trio so famous, renowned in their day,  
 The mighty CALHOUN, giant WEBSTER and CLAY.  
 Endowed with great talents, each towered sublime,  
 And made a deep mark on his country and time.  
 On floor of the Senate, the hall of debate,  
 As orators fervid, impassioned, and great,  
 They thrilled with their voices the heart of the nation,  
 That heard with delight and profound admiration.  
 As Greece by her orator, matchless, renowned,  
 With new and additional glory was crowned,  
 As Rome by her CICERO's eloquent tongue,  
 Gained honors that by her great poets were sung,  
 As England reveals in her long, famous story,  
 No era more radiant with splendor and glory,  
 Than that brilliant age, in her councils of state,  
 When FOX, PITT and BURKE measured arms in debate,  
 So these gifted men on America's name,  
 Shed fresh immortality, lustre and fame.  
 Their labors were ended, they sank one by one,  
 As sinks in the west the great orb of the sun.  
 First mighty CALHOUN from the stage passed away,  
 Next followed the fervent and eloquent CLAY,  
 Herculean WEBSTER in turn bade adieu  
 To this earthly scene, disappeared from the view.  
 As stars ever bright, that are fixed in the sky,  
 Immortal and splendid, their names shall not die.

Exalt the inventor with honor and praise,  
 And sing of his triumphs in high sounding lays.  
 The muses of old, in their sweet, lofty strains,  
 Applauded the men from the womb of whose brains,  
 As offspring leaped forth from great JUPITER'S mind,  
 New arts had their birth, by their genius designed.  
 The father of music, whose skill was displayed  
 In framing the organ and harp, which he played,  
 Fair JUBAL, who charmed with his soft, dulcet strain,  
 First worker in iron and brass, TUBAL-CAIN,  
 Whose strong, brawny arm made the anvil to ring,  
 And taught the young children of labor to sing,  
 Go forth to their work with a light, merry heart,  
 And nobly perform each his task and his part,  
 Determined to win in the battle and race,  
 And honestly live, by the sweat of his face,  
 Are noticed with honor and mentioned by name,  
 Inscribed in deep lines on the pillar of fame.

America points, with a fond mother's pride,  
 To children of genius arrayed at her side,  
 A group of immortals who played well their part,  
 Extended the triumphs and glories of Art.  
 See WHITNEY, with garland of evergreen bays,  
 Exalted and honored with incense of praise.  
 THE COTTON GIN as his proud monument stands,  
 Proclaiming the merit and fame to all lands,  
 Like MOSES, a prophet commissioned by God,  
 The rock in the desert he struck with his rod,  
 When lo! a deep fountain or river gushed forth,  
 Refreshing the South, and enriching the North,  
 And blessing the world with its full flowing tide,  
 Diffusing its life giving flood far and wide.  
 The wilderness flourished and bloomed as the rose,  
 The bright, sunny land where the cotton plant grows,  
 Was clothed in a mantle, a snowy white robe,  
 That made her the glory and pride of the globe.  
 The light, fleecy staple, in constant demand,  
 And wrought into fabrics by loom and by hand,  
 Soft raiment became, in which kings were arrayed,

And queens their fair forms and their beauty displayed.  
 A happy invention, the joy of the earth,  
 Creation of FULTON, the STEAMBOAT had birth.  
 The slow sailing vessel he cast in the shade,  
 On Hudson's deep current his craft he displayed.  
 This daughter of NEPTUNE emerged from the sea,  
 A mermaid, with motion swift, graceful and free.  
 Unaided by zephyr, against wind and tide  
 She skims the smooth surface, in beauty and pride.  
 She glides through the wave as if instinct with breath,  
 Her mighty propeller is hidden beneath,  
 And moved by the action of this secret power,  
 Whose strokes are repeated oftentimes in each hour,  
 She laughingly swims, with a light merry heart,  
 A triumph of genius, the glory of art.  
 With march of improvement, in process of time,  
 This boat was enlarged to a vessel sublime,  
 A grand floating palace, gigantic in size,  
 That ploughs the broad river, across the deep flies,  
 The agent of commerce, of travel and trade,  
 Whose benefits through the whole earth are displayed.  
 The wonders, the triumphs, the glories of steam,  
 Applied on the water, surpass every dream,  
 And fill with surprise, with delight, admiration,  
 The men of all countries, the world's population.  
 Thy genius, O FULTON ! at first led the van,  
 In this great invention for comfort of man.  
 Each steamer that floats loudly trumpets thy name,  
 Diffuses thy honor and blazons thy fame.

McCORMICK, now crowned with the glory of age,  
 Appeared in his vigor upon the wide stage,  
 A son of Virginia, with REAPER in hand,  
 A boon to all sections and parts of this land.  
 But chiefly by this useful implement blest,  
 The vast level fields of the rich, fertile West  
 Are reaped in each season with quickness and haste,  
 The harvest is gathered, and nothing lies waste.  
 Its author still lives in the height of his fame,  
 A world-wide renown is attached to his name.

Benefactor and friend of his country and race,  
 He holds on the roll of distinction a place.  
 Behold in this list of inventors another,  
 The jewel and boast of his fond loving mother,  
 Encircled with splendor, a bright beaming star,  
 The light of whose glory is scattered afar,  
 Exalted, distinguished, renowned through the earth,  
 For genius and virtue, for goodness and worth,  
 Immortal, and crowned with the chaplet of fame,  
 Whose tongues, like a trumpet, his honors proclaim,  
 The gifted inventor, the talented MORSE,  
 Who harnessed the lightning, and guided its course,  
 And made it, by wisdom, by science and skill,  
 Man's servant and messenger, doing his will.  
 The tidings conveyed by the path of the wire,  
 Fly quickly as thought or swift moving desire,  
 And travel alike in the air and the ground,  
 Run through the vast ocean and ail the world round.  
 Howe follows, and lo! as the fruit of his skill,  
 Behold a machine which a woman at will  
 Can cause to perform all the work of her hand,  
 A servant controlled by her gentle command.  
 The Printing Press view, in its glory and power,  
 Producing impressions by thousands each hour,  
 And flooding the world with its splendor and light,  
 Incessantly working by day and by night.  
 The factory enter, its industries scan,  
 All arts that are followed and practised by man,  
 And gaze on the wonders that there meet the eyes,  
 With awe and amazement, delight and surprise.  
 Behold in this happy Centennial year,  
 The products and skill of our country appear,  
 And joy in the marvels of genius displayed,  
 The wonderful progress our nation has made.

Behold the slow, costly, rude Seminole war;  
 Afar in the distance appears a Lone Star,  
 A brilliant new meteor is seen in the sky,  
 The banner of Texas is waving on high.  
 This infant Republic is merged in the Union,

Received into full and fraternal communion,  
 A State of vast limits, a land fat and good,  
 The largest of all in the great sisterhood.  
 The short, bloody struggle with Mexico comes,  
 With blast of the bugle and beating of drums,  
 And all the grand pageantry, splendid and gay,  
 Of soldiery masses in martial array ;  
 In this foreign conflict, a brotherly band,  
 The men of our country were joined hand in hand,  
 And shoulder to shoulder, arrayed side by side,  
 They fought and they triumphed, they fell and they died.  
 McCLELLAN and GRANT, JACKSON, LEE, and the rest,  
 In one solid column to victory pressed.  
 The issue was conquest, fame, glory and peace,  
 A new acquisition, a mighty increase  
 Of lands that were rich in resources concealed,  
 The mineral treasures that soon were revealed.  
 The fair California, with all its vast wealth,  
 Its gold and its climate, so friendly to health,  
 And other vast regions, remote and afar,  
 Were gained and annexed as the fruits of this war.  
 From ocean to ocean a broad belt or band,  
 Our country now stretched a most beautiful land,  
 A heritage large and the home of the free,  
 Refreshed with the shade of fair Liberty's tree.  
 A vision of glory, a dream unsurpassed,  
 America seems in the light of the past,  
 A fabric of splendor, a flourishing nation,  
 Exceeding the fancy's most brilliant creation,  
 A picture of popular freedom and mirth,  
 Unequalled in all the traditions of earth.

I pause and I shudder, I tremble and shake,  
 I hear the dread sound of a mighty earthquake,  
 A frightful, terrific convulsion that rent  
 From centre to circuit this vast continent,  
 The War of the States, the fierce deadly strife,  
 When brothers contended, and treasure and life,  
 With fury of passion, were freely poured forth  
 By sons of the South and by men of the North.



The national banner triumphantly waved,  
 Secession was crushed, and the Union was saved.  
 The North gained the victory, won in the race,  
 Reaped riches, emoluments, power and place,  
 Was crowned with success, overflowed with delight,  
 And bore off in triumph the spoils of the fight.  
 The South was defeated, bereft of all hope,  
 And drank to its dregs the full, bitter cup  
 Of grief, disappointment, vexation and woe,  
 The anguish and pain of complete overthrow.  
 One solace remained, a refulgent, bright star,  
 That shone in the depths of her darkness afar,  
 Relieved with its splendor the shades of her gloom,  
 And shed its clear radiance down into her tomb.  
 This star was the lustre of honor and fame,  
 Her freedom from cowardice, baseness and shame.  
 The proud recollection of deeds she had done,  
 The valor displayed and the glory she won.  
 As FRANCIS the First, on Pavia's red field.  
 Compelled by the fortune of battle to yield,  
 Deplored the disaster his arms had sustained,  
 But still as a captive his spirits maintained,  
 Exulting that, mid the deep gloom of the night,  
 The jewel of honor was safe and shone bright,  
 So in the great struggle the South lost her all,  
 Save manhood and honor, these outlived her fall.  
 A mother bereaved, her lost children she weeps,  
 And over their tomb pious vigils she keeps.  
 She guards with affection a dear sacred trust,  
 Their deeds, fame and glory, and their sleeping dust.  
 O call it not weakness, when over the grave  
 A tear trickles down, of the gallant and brave.  
 Ye soldiers surviving, once clad in the Blue,  
 That stood to your colors, heroic and true,  
 A poet indulge, while a tribute I pay  
 To warriors that wore in the conflict the Gray,  
 That passed the dark river in midst of the strife,  
 And sealed their devotion to duty with life.

O! could we but enter the land of the dead,  
 Where heroes departed lie each in his bed,

Or ghost-like they wander and roam as they will,  
 By fountain and streamlet, o'er valley and hill,  
 We there should behold, in the midst of the host,  
 A battle-scarred legion, our country's proud boast,  
 Who living contended for what they deemed right,  
 And dying with honor they vanished from sight,  
 Then joined the pale army of spirits beneath,  
 The souls that inhabit the kingdom of death.  
 What scenes and what wonders awaken surprise,  
 What pageants of splendor bedazzle the eyes.  
 The Genius of war, with his sceptre in hand,  
 His summons proclaims through the shadowy land,  
 Directing the soldiers and troops of all time,  
 The heroes and warriors of each age and clime,  
 To gather before him, their banners display,  
 That he may review them in martial array.  
 The trumpet resounds through that region afar,  
 Familiar the blast to those children of war.  
 Aroused by the signal, they answer the call,  
 They promptly collect, into order they fall,  
 Their ranks are made up, at the word of command,  
 They march and parade on the plains of that land.  
 There swarthy Egyptians, from banks of the Nile,  
 Before the great monarch in column defile,  
 The troops of SESOSTRIS, and PHARAOH's host,  
 The terror of nations, and Egypt's proud boast.  
 There JOSHUA follows, at head of a band,  
 With which he invaded the Canaanites' land,  
 And smote and destroyed, with the strength of his rod,  
 The heathen devoted, accursed by his God.  
 There DAVID the hero, the poet and king,  
 Who vanquished GOLIATH with sword and a sling,  
 And conquered, subdued all the nations around,  
 With honor and glory and victory crowned,  
 Is seen at the head of a valorous host,  
 The warriors of JUDAH, renowned through his coast.  
 The kings of Assyria their armies display,  
 The men of Chaldea in battle array,  
 The soldiers of Persia, all the troops of the East  
 Pass by in succession, from greatest to least.

A phalanx of splendor, with helmets most bright,  
 And armor that sparkled and gleamed in the light,  
 With sinewy frames, and with eagle-like crest,  
 The brazen-mailed Greeks, that went forth from the west,  
 The soldiers immortal of rude Macedon,  
 Led on and commanded by PHILIP's great son,  
 Attracted the gaze of each wondering nation,  
 And filled the spectators with high admiration.  
 A shout of applause, far resounding and loud,  
 Burst forth at the sight from the numerous crowd.  
 Who thought that to them would most surely be given  
 The honor and praise of best troops under heaven.  
 Make way for the Roman, the iron clad band,  
 Whose feet trod the soil of the most distant land,  
 Whose eagles and banners were carried afar,  
 Who worshipped with fervor the stern god of war.  
 Through all the vast earth they their standard unfurled,  
 And boasted of being the lords of the world.  
 The legions of CÆSAR, for valor renowned,  
 Invincible warriors, with victory crowned,  
 With breast-plate and helmet, with sword and with shield,  
 In strength and in terror, appear on the field.  
 The soldiers of Carthage, by HANNIBAL led,  
 Move on in full column with him at their head.  
 The Goth and the Vandal, and great Northren horde,  
 That overthrew Rome with the flame and the sword;  
 The Saracen host that poured forth like a flood,  
 And drenched mighty countries with torrents of blood;  
 The armies of Europe, the crusaders brave,  
 That fought for the cross and the Lord's sacred grave;  
 The cavaliers, knights, and the warriors of Spain,  
 And FREDERICK the GREAT, with his Germanic train,  
 All joined in the pageant, the martial review,  
 And marched in procession, a wonder to view.  
 Advancing in splendor, behold a new sight,  
 An army with eagles that gleam in the light,  
 Equipped with the musket, the sabre and lance,  
 The troops of NAPOLEON, the soldiers of France.  
 In grandeur and glory they proudly compare  
 With earth's greatest warriors, and loftily bear

Their figures surmounted with Gallican crest,  
 The bright Star of honor displayed on the breast.  
 A round of applause, a shout and huzza,  
 Went up from the crowd, as these spirits they saw,  
 The ghost of an army that conquered the world,  
 By NAPOLEON's strong arm like a thunderbolt hurled.  
 The next that we see is a veteran host,  
 That came from Britannia's green, water-bound coast,  
 The warriors of England, for courage renowned,  
 With laurels from many a battle-field crowned.  
 With features of iron, and spirit as strong,  
 Behold at the head of this soldierly throng,  
 A great, and a famous, and favorite son,  
 The mighty Field Marshal, the Duke WELLINGTON.  
 Ye soldiers and heroes of JACKSON and LEE !  
 Awake from your slumbers, your forms let us see.  
 Come forth from the beds of your glory and fame,  
 And proudly respond to the call of your name.  
 Fear not, although war-worn, and ragged, and soiled,  
 To stand on the stage, for you never recoiled  
 From mouth of the cannon or musket's loud roar,  
 When ordered to charge, with your leaders before.  
 Ye need no applause, as you silently tread  
 The plains of vast Hades, the land of the dead.  
 All regions above, and below, and around,  
 Re-echo your deeds, with your praises resound.  
 The Genius of War as he gazed from the height,  
 From which he looked down on this wonderful sight,  
 And balanced the merits and claims of each band,  
 That passed in review in that shadowy land,  
 Conferred on the last the bright chaplet and crown,  
 The garland of honor, the palm of renown.

Forgetting the past, with its strife, alienation,  
 The war that divided, distracted the nation,  
 With patriot hearts and with fervent desire,  
 Press forward, to higher achievements aspire,  
 Far greater, more glorious, and excellent things,  
 The splendors the spirit of prophecy sings,  
 The future all radiant with lustre and light,

Our country adorned with a coronal bright,  
 Abundant and fruitful, and yielding increase  
 Of happiness, riches, and honor, and peace.  
 In harmony, friendship, and unity dwell,  
 The past shall appear but a mere bagatelle,  
 Compared with the glory, the progress sublime  
 Awaiting our land in the coming good time.  
 Let discord and hatred, contention and war,  
 Strife, malice, and envy be banished afar.  
 Proclaim it abroad with the pen and the mouth,  
 Resound it aloud in the North and the South,  
 And publish it wide, in the East and the West,  
 On hill-top and valley, and mountain's high crest,  
 The doctrine re-echo, repeat, and rehearse,  
 In public and private, in prose and in verse,  
 The United States is our country and home,  
 Our children's shall be for long ages to come.  
 This mighty republic, so favored of heaven,  
 A goodly estate unto us has been given,  
 A precious inheritance, splendid and vast,  
 In richness, and value, and size unsurpassed,  
 Endeared to its sons by adoption and birth,  
 The fairest and best of all regions on earth.  
 Then let us, united in heart and in hand,  
 Devoted as brethren to one common land,  
 Fraternally live, and together build up,  
 With ardor and courage, with patience and hope,  
 The grandeur, prosperity, glory and fame,  
 Of that which we all as our Fatherland claim.  
 With zeal let us seek for the full restoration  
 Of unity, order and peace to the nation,  
 And strive to advance to a loftier height,  
 To crown and adorn with a splendor more bright,  
 This heritage fair, this dear country and home,  
 And leave it to heirs in the ages to come.

















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